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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 343.

AUTUMN SONG.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD

The stubble fields are growing brown;
The leaves are falling, falling,
And in the russet meadow-lands
The lonesome quails are calling.
The oak is scarlet on the hills,
In autumn's dreary weather,
And golden-rod and asters bloom
In wayside nooks together.
Oh, autumn-time, sweet autumn-time,
The year is dying, dying,
And for a world of sweet, dead things
These hearts of ours are sighing.

The ripened nuts are dropping down,
With slow and steady patter,
And all the woods are filled, to-day,
With squirrels' chirp and chatter.
They watch their harvest as it falls,
While plaintively the plover
To vanished lark and robin calls,
Whose summer stay is over.
Oh, autumn-time, sweet autumn-time,
The year is dying, dying,
And for a world of sweet, dead things
These hearts of ours are sighing.

The flowers of the summer days
Are dead by roadside hedges,
Save here and there a daisy-bloom
Along the meadow's edges.
Oh, saddest time of all the year!
In spring's bright, balmy weather
Will all sweet things that disappear
Come back again together?
Oh, autumn-time, sweet autumn-time,
The year is dying, dying,
And for a world of sweet, dead things
These hearts of ours are sighing.

The Phantom Spy; OR, THE PILOT OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY BUFFALO BILL,

(HON. WM. F. CODY.)

AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE," "THE PRAIRIE RO-
VER," "KANSAS KING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE TWO CAPTIVES.

THE position chosen by the wary old chief of the bandits, for a stronghold, was certainly a most desirable one, for it was under the shelter of a mountain, and upon a level plateau, comprising half a hundred acres.

From this plateau, where were built the log huts of the band, a narrow and steep pathway led down into a fertile valley half a mile below, where were herded the horses and cattle stolen from the settlements, and which, at a moment's warning of approaching danger, could be driven into pens on the hillside above.

Through the plateau ran a considerable mountain stream, which formed a fall, and plunged into the valley below, the roar of the waters being audible for miles away.

The cliff, or mountain, which protected the camp on the north, rose to a height of three hundred feet, and in bygone times some confusion of nature had split it in twain, leaving a chasm not more than twenty feet wide, running back through the hill for half a mile.

Large pieces of rock had fallen down into this chasm, and becoming wedged there near the bottom, formed a kind of tunnel or cave, which led back through the hill into the valley beyond, and formed thereby a means of escape for the bandits, should their camp be attacked and carried.

Having no use for this tunnel, unless in case of retreat, the bandits had turned the cave into a storehouse for their plunder, and a prison for their captives.

Into this place, in one of the small caves, Prairie Pilot was taken, and by the light of a torch he saw that there was a rude cot there, with a blanket upon it.

Worn out he threw himself upon the cot; and after removing his boots, and placing his feet upon his feet, which were connected with a chain leading through a fissure in the rocks, his guards left him to his melancholy reflections.

As soon as he was alone Prairie Pilot at once set about some plan of escape, but soon realizing that escape was impossible, he philosophically gave it up, for the present, and threw himself down to rest.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, and glancing around him he at once realized his perilous situation.

But he had only a moment for reflection, before a form darkened the entrance to the cavern, and a man stood before him.

At a glance the scout saw that he was a German, and his remarkable costume brought a smile to the captive's face, and no wonder, for the soldier, the Indian, the Mexican, hunter and citizen had contributed to the wardrobe.

"Vell, vat for you laff, mine frind? Ish it so funny to have to die, dot you feel good?" "Oh, no, Dutchy; but you have no objection to my smiling, and who could help it, when looking at you?"

"Vell, mine got in Himmel, vat ish de matter mit minself dat you laff?" angrily replied the German.

"Do not let your angry passions rise, my bandit scarecrow, but give me the breakfast I see you have brought me."

"It is petter ash vat I should give yer," replied the German, setting down a platter upon which was a tin cup of coffee, some bread, and jerked buffalo meat.

"I am glad to hear it, Dutchy; but we will not quarrel, for I want you for a partner in a little enterprise in which there is gold to be made."

The German held up his finger in warning, and with a ludicrously knowing look and wink, turned and left the cave.

With a relish the scout dispatched his break-



Examining the crevices in the wall of rock, Prairie Pilot found one that looked into the adjoining cavern.

fast, and then walked as far as his chain would allow him, toward the entrance to the cavern.

From his position he could see the steep wall of the chasm, rising hundreds of feet above him, and their summit crowned with a growth of small trees.

"If I only had some friend to aid me, I could soon get out of this. Perhaps I can trust the Dutchman—ha!"

The scout suddenly started, and seemed all attention, for a strange sound reached his ear, a strange sound for that lonely cavern and bandit camp.

The sound was that of voices—not the voices of rude men, but the soft tones of women.

Approaching cautiously the crevice through which the sound came, the scout heard a voice in conversation he at once recognized as that of the Phantom Spy.

Listening attentively he heard her say:

"I think, lady, there is a better chance now of your escape than before, for though I could have trusted Dutch, he is not quick-witted enough for the danger he would have had to meet."

"Then you have some one you can trust more fully?" asked a sad, sweet voice, which thrilled Prairie Pilot to his very heart.

"Yes, and it is accident that he is here. Had he taken my warning he would not now have been in his present deadly peril."

"He is in danger, then?"

"Yes, fearful danger, for he is a prisoner to our band, and I know that my father will have him shot, for he has done our band much harm."

"To whom do you refer?" asked the same sweet voice.

"To one whom men call the Prairie Pilot, one of the most daring scouts on the frontier."

"I have heard of him at the fort, and also in the settlement. He seems to be greatly admired by the soldiers and settlers and feared by the Indians and renegades."

"Yes, and they have cause to fear him, for he is a deadly foe. Last night, lady, he captured me on the prairie, and nobly released me, on condition I would not let the band know where his train was."

"I promised, he believed me and let me go; but, although I warned him away from these hills, he must have struck my trail and followed me, coming right into an ambush of our men, placed as an outer guard."

"He was captured, after killing one of our men, and fighting bravely, and is now a prisoner, confined in a cave near this, awaiting the recovery of my father, the Hermit Chief, who will certainly condemn him to death."

"Poor man; how sincerely do I feel for him."

"God bless her!" ejaculated the scout, and then he continued: "Eavesdroppers do sometimes hear good of themselves as well as evil."

"Yes, but I am determined that he shall not die if I can help it," resolutely responded the Phantom Spy.

"You are a noble girl. How I wish I could take you away from this awful bandit camp."

"Lady, all I love in the world are here. I have no other home than these wild hills, no other companions than these reckless, cruel men around me, and whose deeds I loathe. Did I not loathe them, I would not now endeavor to restore you to those you love and who love you."

"I believe you, kind girl; but, my poor father! how he must suffer to be in ignorance of my fate, and believe me dead."

"You shall soon be free, if I can make you so, lady; so cheer up and eat the breakfast I have brought you. This afternoon my father wishes to see you, to question you regarding

the movements of the soldiers. 'I will conduct you to him, and I beg that you will not anger him with your proud spirit.'

"I will try to do as you wish, sweet girl, and your words give me hope that ere long I may escape; but please do not leave the Prairie Pilot to his fate."

"Trust me, lady," replied the Phantom Spy, and the scout heard her walk away, and feeling that his fellow captive was alone he determined in some way to communicate with her.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

CAREFULLY examining the crevices in the wall of rock, Prairie Pilot was enabled to find one that looked into the adjoining cavern.

The first thing that he observed was the generally comfortable appearance of the little cave, for it had a carpet on the rock floor, a chair, a table, upon which was the remnant of a good breakfast, and a cot, with some pretensions to neatness and comfort.

Upon the side of the cot sat the occupant—a maiden of perhaps eighteen.

Her form was clad in a close-fitting riding habit of dark-gray cloth, and there was an elegance and grace about her figure that at once won the admiration of the scout.

Presently a wealth of golden hair was thrown back, the bowed head was raised, and Prairie Pilot beheld a vision of beauty in the lovely face, and large blue eyes gazing sadly and wistfully out into the daylight at the mouth of the cave.

"Lady!"

The tones of the scout were soft and kind; but they startled the maiden, and she sprang to her feet.

"I am here; like yourself I am a prisoner—" "Indeed, yes, I see from whence comes your voice now. Are you the Prairie Pilot?" said the maiden, in cautious tones.

"So men call me. A short while since I overheard your conversation with the young girl who visited you. When she returns beg her to visit my cavern, and perhaps we can arrange some plan of escape together. Now I cannot say more; but keep up a brave heart, and all will come out well."

The scout spoke hopefully, and the maiden felt really cheerful, for she believed that her fellow-prisoner could, though a captive himself, aid her in her dire distress.

Throwing himself again upon his cot, the scout began to plot and plan some means of escape. Slowly the hours passed away, and again he heard voices in the adjoining cave.

Rising, he went the length of his chain toward the entrance of his prison, and a moment after there confronted him two forms, the fair captive and the Phantom Spy—the latter no longer attired in her ghostly robe, but in a neatly-fitting dress of dark cloth.

"Ah, scout! I warned you, and you would not heed me," exclaimed the young girl, in a sad voice.

"True; but if I heeded every warning of danger, I would soon fear to move from the settlements," and the scout turned his earnest, admiring gaze full upon the captive maiden.

Their eyes met, and the maiden felt that if there was a man on earth she could trust, it was the Prairie Pilot, and with evident admiration she glanced at his splendid form and handsome, fearless face.

"We must not linger here; but hasten to my father, who would see you, lady; when we come back I will see you, sir."

So saying, the young girl led her companion

away through the chasm, while the scout threw himself upon the ground and gazed far above him to the summit of the other wall of the gulch.

Presently a step was heard approaching, and the German again appeared, with the prisoner's evening meal.

"Well, Dutchy, what have you to tempt my appetite?"

"Vell, I hash some good dinner for you, mine frint; te young missis she cook it mit her own pooty fingers."

"Indeed! The young lady is the daughter of the Hermit Chief, is she not?"

"Dat ish so, an' her brother, Captain Ralph, ish te son mit te ole man."

"Captain Ralph her brother?"

"Yes; he ish te tuyvil, but she pe an angel gal."

"She is a fine girl, Dutchy; but, tell me, what are they going to do with me?"

"Hang you mit te neck."

"When?" and the scout spoke with perfect calmness.

"Miss Got! vot, you no scared?"

"A threatened man lives long, Dutchy; but when am I to be hung?"

"As soon as te Hermit Chief say so; but I must go away now; I see you to-morrow."

The scout made no reply, and the German walked away, Prairie Pilot making no effort to detain him, for he had made a discovery that deeply interested him.

As he lay in the mouth of the cavern, his eyes ever and anon glancing toward the ribbon of blue sky above, he suddenly caught sight of a human face peering cautiously down into the chasm.

Narrowly watching it, he soon saw the form of a man come in full view, and he almost gave vent to one of his wild, ringing war-cries, for he recognized in the cautious stranger none other than Bravo Bob!

Ere he could discover whether Bob had seen him or not, there came the sound of footsteps, and the two maidens returned, the eyes of the captive being red with tears, for she had just had a stormy interview with the Hermit Chief, who told her it was his intention to hold her a prisoner until her father, Colonel Radcliff, paid a heavy ransom for her.

Ruth knew that her father was not a rich man, and that if he paid the sum demanded, it would beggar him, and she appealed to the mercy of the old chief, who, an invalid, reclined upon his cot in one of the rooms of his cabin, and kept his fierce eyes constantly upon the face of the maiden.

"Girl, what is your name? Tell me that, and I will know whether your father is wealthy enough to pay my price, for I know the limit of every settler's and officer's purse on this border."

"My name I decline to give you, sir; but you will find my father able to resent most bitterly the insult of his daughter's capture," proudly replied Ruth Radcliff.

"Nonsense; my men captured you within a mile of the settlement. You should not have ventured so far on horseback, girl, without company; but I have you now and I intend to make money out of your capture."

"Is there no hope for me, sir? At the fort are two of your men, condemned to death; will you exchange me for them?"

"Curse the men! What care I for them? If they die, there are others to fill their place."

"There are soldiers on this frontier, girl, and scouts, and settlers, and Indians; but I, the Hermit Chief, am ruler, and this whole border shall find it so."

"Ione, take the maiden back and to-morrow I will send out spies to find out who she is."

The Hermit Chief waved his hand, and his daughter, whom he had addressed as Ione, turned silently and sadly away, leading Ruth Radcliff with her, back to her lonely prison.

When away from the presence of the Hermit Chief, the proud spirit of Ruth broke down, and she burst into tears; but Ione cheered her all in her power, and when they reached the spot where the scout lay, his untasted supper by his side, she had gained her usual composure.

"I trust your visit to the chief has resulted in good to you, lady," quietly said the scout.

"No, sir; he demands a ransom impossible for my father to pay; but this noble young girl bids me hope."

"Yes, there is hope for you; but I must leave you now; and, lady, you need not return immediately to your cave. If not to-night, I will see you to-morrow."

With a wave of her hand the young girl walked rapidly away, leaving Ruth Radcliff still standing near the spot where the Prairie Pilot lay at full length, his eyes gazing earnestly toward the summit of the chasm.

CHAPTER VII.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

AFTER the departure of Ione, the Phantom Spy, the scout said, quietly:

"The daughter of the old Hermit Chief seems inclined to aid us, but I would rather not have her do so, for two reasons—"

"And those are?" asked Ruth Radcliff.

"First, it will be at great risk to herself, if she aids us, and second, I desire to wage a bitter war against this band, and do not wish to feel that I owe a kindness to the chief's daughter that must stay my hand."

"How noble she seems, to have for her companions a band of robbers. What terrible fate led her to such a life?" asked Ruth, feelingly.

"I know not, and it is a sad thing that she has, in father and brother, chiefs of a band of outlaws. Strange as it seems, I feel that I have met her brother and herself before, but where my memory fails. Their faces haunt me with some memory of the past. Were I to see their father, perhaps I could then recall all; but the Hermit Chief has been the ruler of his band only, his young son being the leader in all their raids and deadly encounters."

"Who, or what they are, none know; but, certain it is the outlaws are held well in hand, and never have I known an instance of where one, even with promise of his life, ever betrayed the Brotherhood."

Deeply interested in the words of the scout, Ruth listened attentively, and then said:

"I have now met the father and daughter, and a remarkable pair they are. The son I have never seen; but, sir, if you do not accept aid from the maiden, how can you manage to escape?"

"I will take the chances without her. Lady, see there!" and the scout pointed far up the chasm wall to where was visible Bravo Bob, quietly seated in the shelter of a niche in the rocks.

"A guard of the bandits. Perhaps I had better not linger here—"

"No; it is Bravo Bob, the best friend I have in the world. He has struck my trail and followed me here—to rescue me."

"Ione?"

"Doubtless. I know of none who would have dared to come with him—at least any that he could have found thus soon. See! he has thrown something down to me. Will you pick it up, please, lady, for I am in irons, you see?"

Quickly Ruth stepped forward, and took up the object that had fallen from above—a piece of paper wrapped around a small stone.

Taking it, the Prairie Pilot read aloud, written in lead pencil, in a bold, legible hand:

"A greeting to you from above, old fellow; sorry to see you in durance vile, but glad to see you are not in the land of silence."

"I arrived this afternoon, having trailed you, and by a flank movement reached my present position. The train has made tracks for the posts, under the guidance of Scalp-lock and Yankee."

"I have discovered that the rear end of this chasm is guarded by two sentinels—there must be a tunnel through, as they could never have reached their present stand without a day's journey around."

"Find out the cave, if you can; at dark I will move on the two guards, and you shall be free."

"I met a party of soldiers on the prairie, looking for the daughter of Colonel Radcliff, the new commandant of the upper posts."

"By the description given me of her, I recognize her in the lady near you."

"Your position shows you to be in irons, so when it is dark I will lower you a file and one of my pistols, and then you must press on through the cave to the outer entrance."

"If I discover any thing of importance, will communicate again."

"He certainly is a true friend, and brave man," said Ruth, when the scout had read all.

"None truer or braver, Miss Radcliff, for such, I believe, is your name?"

"Yes, sir; my father arrived at his new command only a week ago, and it was while riding to the settlement, half a mile from the fort, to see an old schoolmate, that I was captured, when little dreaming of danger," replied the maiden.

Hearing an approaching footstep, Ruth rapidly ran into her cave, and the Prairie Pilot was alone.

A moment after Ione, the girl spy, appeared, and said, pleasantly:

"Though you put your own head into the noose, Prairie Pilot, I do not intend to let it remain there; but I cannot act to-night, as the whole band are at present in the stronghold."

"To-morrow at daylight my brother goes off on a raid with his men, and you will be allowed

ed to live until his return, when, if you do not accept certain terms offered you, you have to die."

"There is dishonor in those terms, doubtless?"

"Yes; but life is sweet."

The scout smiled and remained silent, and Ione continued:

"When my brother has gone I can act with less fear of detection; to-night I can do nothing; but, as I had an opportunity to rescue from my father's room your belt of arms, I did so. I will leave them in the care of the lady in the next cave."

Prairie Pilot's eyes fairly flashed with delight as Ione threw back a *serape* which hung from her shoulders, and displayed his unerring rifle and belt, containing his revolvers, knife and cartridge pouches; but he said, quietly:

"I thank you for my heart, fair girl; you have done me a kindness I shall one day reciprocate."

"I do not wish to see a brave man die like a dog," responded Ione, as she walked away, and disappeared in the cavern which was the prison of Ruth Radcliff.

A moment after the young girl again passed the scout, and was soon lost to sight in the gloom, for night was coming on apace and darkness already filled the chasm.

But, far up, outlined against the bright sky, still tinged with the rosy hues of sunset, stood Bravo Bob, his eagle eye watching every move of his enemies, and taking in every chance in his favor.

An hour passed and darkness rested upon all; but the quick ear of Prairie Pilot caught a sound which he seemed to at once recognize, for he called in a low tone to Ruth, who, the next moment, stood by his side.

"Miss Radcliff, I heard a sound against the wall yonder; will you kindly see if Bravo Bob has not lowered us his promised aid?"

Ruth went to the other side of the chasm, and feeling in the darkness, her hand soon touched a small string, bearing a weight on the end.

A moment after she held in her hand a pistol and a file, and unloosing them, she found also a slip of paper.

These she bore to the scout; but he cried, quickly:

"Back to your cave! quick!"

Not a moment too soon did Ruth escape, for the next moment a flickering light was seen, and two men approached, bearing a lantern.

Turning it full upon the recumbent scout, the man who held the lantern said, harshly:

"You prefer to lie on hard rocks to your cot, do you?"

"A man who is condemned to die wishes to breathe all the pure air he can," quickly responded the scout.

"You take it coolly," responded the other man.

"My conscience is not blackened, as is yours, with crimes of robbery and murder."

"Go on, my hearty; you can have your say!"

"Come, Pete, let us see if the girl is all safe, and then go and relieve the boys," said the first speaker, and they moved on to the next cave.

Flashing the light into the face of Ruth, who sprang half-up, as if from a sound sleep, they laughed at her supposed fright, and walked on through the tunnel of caverns.

A moment after Ruth was again by the side of the scout, who drew from his pocket a match, and lighting it, read the slip of paper that had descended with the file and pistol.

"There are but two guards, and they will doubtless be relieved at dark; then I will act."

"Find your way out, as soon as you have freed yourself of your irons, to the mouth of the chasm, and I will meet you there."

"Brave fellow; now, Miss Radcliff, hope brightens for us; but you must return to your cot, and as soon as I have gotten rid of my irons I will come for you."

"In the mean time I will file these irons off my ankles."

The cool, confident manner of Prairie Pilot gave Ruth every hope, and, snoring himself upon the cot, she awaited in breathless silence and suspense.

A short while and again a light flashed into the cavern, and two men stood there, but not the two who had before passed by.

"Wide awake, my beauty? You'll dim those pretty eyes if you lose your sleep," said one of the bandits; but, whether in a kind or unkind tone, Ruth could not tell.

Another glance into the cave of the scout, a jeering remark from one of them, and they passed on toward the camp.

An hour after, and Prairie Pilot stood beside Ruth, a man no longer in irons.

"Come, Miss Radcliff, I am ready now; give me my arms, which the fair spy left here, and we will depart at once."

Ruth could hardly refrain from a cry of joy, and the next moment they had departed from the cave, and started forth upon their desperate chance of escape.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 342.)

And There It Ended.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

AND there it ended—the street.

It was an ordinarily wide and pleasant street, running through a nice portion of the city and among the suburbs toward the country beyond. Toward the country—and so Cecil De Forrest, who was very *blase*, very heartless, very despairing, but loved beauty of sky, or sea, or land, walked up one fragrant May morning. Down the stoop of the brown-stone-front where he boarded he passed, giving each step a fierce little cut with the slender, polished, blackthorn stick he carried, and away from the city—just walking, with the sunshine, to the bustle of another busy day.

It was not usual for Cecil De Forrest to rise thus early, but he had passed a restless night. Haunting visions of a short, blissful season of love had been with him, and in dreams the face of his idolized Elise had bent above him. Agonized with the mocking phantoms, he had sprung from his couch and flung wide the casement, striving to break the spell of wretchedness which had settled upon him with the darkness and night. The goldening sky and spicy breezes, to his overwrought senses, appealed delightfully, wooing him to seek in exercise and contemplation of nature relief from his burden of sorrow. And long ere his fellow-boarders had shaken themselves from the hold of Morpheus and Brizo, Cecil was walking up Lillard street.

The brown-stone-fronts and villas grew less frequent, and green hollows starred with dandelions, or fields of tumbled rocks and dew-kissed grasses, lay on either side the street, and, as yet, Cecil had scarce heeded whither he walked or what he had come to see. The canter of a horse caused him to turn, and his attention was diverted from morbid reflections by the grand scene lying before him.

He had been rapidly ascending but owing to the gradual grade of the street had not realized it until now that he beheld the city spread at

his feet. White houses and glittering tiles glowed brightly in the sun. Fretted spires were upraised against an arch of flawless azure. Stacks of tall chimneys emitted dense spiral columns of smoke that floated upward in misty clouds and lost themselves in dim heights of ether. Forests of masts with rope and cordage made network along the piers and the blue bay, flecked with canvas, stretched in the sun-shiny distance. Toward him crept the outgrowing city through broad avenues and shadow-sprinkled streets; but here was only a dim suggestion of corporations in lonely lamp-posts and unoccupied commons. To the full, Cecil drank in the beauty of the scene, and resumed his walk.

One, two, three long blocks, and the street ended. Ended in a grassy common bounded by a high, solid, bank wall that stretched a block to right and left. The wall was surmounted by a lofty iron railing, but through the interstices of this were discernible the handsomely-kept grounds that surrounded a substantial stone mansion. Near the slope of the lawn to the wall was a dense shrubbery; and amid this, a little to the left, might be detected the pagoda-like roof of a summer-house. Still further to the left were stables and out-buildings, inclosed within a second iron fence. Altogether the place—especially the house, built as it was of somber stone, with deep embowered windows of tiny diamond-shaped panes—had an odd, mysterious appearance, somewhat enhanced by its peculiar situation—terminating a street, and occupying two entire blocks in an otherwise unoccupied space of country.

As Mr. De Forrest's further walk in a straight course was rendered impossible, he determined to turn to the right and survey, quite all around, the springtime verdancy of these carefully-guarded grounds. He had walked past nearly three sides of the place, and the pleasant, listless sort of curiosity it aroused in him had been stimulated by the discovery of positive evidences that it was occupied, and that its two carriage entrances, with the foot-paths adjoining them, were guarded by heavily-bolted and locked iron gates, when a little accident occurred that gave him cause to remember his walk.

The street which formed the third side of the square was not paved and in rather a rough condition. As Mr. De Forrest walked along, glancing up through the iron fence, he stepped unawares into a deep hollow and fell forward, losing his cane and giving his left hand quite a blow against the bank wall. Recovering himself, and picking up his stick, he looked at his bruised hand and discovered that the stone of the ring he wore upon his fourth finger, which had for some time been rather loose in its setting, had become detached from its place. It was an onyx, and of inestimable value to him because, in their betrothal days, it had been given Cecil by his wife and was engraved with his initials upon the face of the stone and hers upon the reverse side.

He looked carefully about the ground for some distance around the scene of the little accident until the dewy grass, which as yet lay under the cool shadow of the wall, was tracked and retraced with his impatient steps, and his watch warned him that breakfast hour was long passed and the hour of a business engagement too rapidly approaching; and so, regretfully, he was compelled to cease his fruitless search, and walk cityward. All the pleasure that Mr. De Forrest had derived from his walk was now drowned in the pain of his loss, and an uncomfortable sense of its foreboding some further ill.

Not that he was a man naturally weakly superstitious; but the last years of his life had been filled with such wretchedness and uncertainty that anything in connection with the past had power to thrill every fiber of his nature; and the loss of a part of her only love-token affected him with an intense nervous fear, while to others it might have seemed an occurrence rather trifling than otherwise.

But trifles make life.

Perhaps it was an hour after Mr. De Forrest's departure from the proximity of the lonely mansion, that a little child, richly-costumed and pretty, came upon the lawn to play. She ran hither and thither in the sunshine, like a fluttering butterfly, tossing a gay leather ball into the air and chasing it, with peals of laughter, as it fell upon the smooth turf or rolled along the walks. After a time the little, light-booted feet had wandered near a slope of the lawn; when, lo! an unlucky toss of the bright toy sent it between the iron lances of the fence upon the common without. The little girl ran to the wall and pressed her flushed, moist face against the railings, meditatively. Then she turned and sped to a gate that led within the stable inclosures, and stood there, calling loudly, until a grim, middle-aged man appeared.

"Oh! Riley, I've thrown my ball out there," indicating the direction with her hand. "And you must get it, right away, or some one might steal it, you know."

The man drew a heavy key from his pocket and unlocked the gate with a terse remark to the effect that the child might wait for him there.

"No, I won't!" said her little ladyship, decidedly; "I'm going with you," and she ran to the other gate that was to be opened, and danced out upon the common, and around the corner to where her ball lay. Just beside the plaything, in the full sunshine, now, was the onyx out of Cecil De Forrest's ring. The child picked it up, and, upon Riley's glancing at it and assenting that it was not of "much account," she slipped it in the pocket of her embroidered dress, and treasured it there.

"Mamma Lilly," the little girl announced, later in the day, when a maid had been sent to fetch her in from the heat of the sun, and she had begged permission to play awhile in "Mamma Lilly's" room. "Don't you think I threw my ball out in the street to-day; and when I made Riley take me to get it I found just the prettiest stone! though Riley says 'tain't of any 'count,' and the child displayed her little trophy, upon her tiny pink palm.

"Cora! Cora!" Lillian Carroll exclaimed, in a trembling, suppressed tone, her lusterless eyes flaming with sudden excitement and a feverish stain appearing in her white cheeks, "am I wide awake? Am I wide awake? Speak to 'Mamma Lilly,' quick, child!"

"Oh, you frighten me," said Cora, putting up her red lips, ready to cry, at the desperate grasp of two thin white hands upon her shoulders, and a manner that was entirely foreign to the woman she had only known as a listless, gentle invalid.

"But you must not be frightened, dear," Lillian said, with a terrible effort at self-control, sinking back nervelessly upon her lounge, but still retaining the child within the circle of one arm. "There, there, Cora, don't cry, dear; but tell 'Mamma Lilly' all about the pretty stone."

Cora repeated her story, and answered her mamma's questions, and then was sent to play with a solitaire board in the far end of the room; while Lillian Carroll lay among her embroidery-covered pillows quite as colorless as

they. Only by the fluttering of the blue-veined eyelids, the uneven beating of the pulses at her temples, and the convulsively-intertwined hands upon her breast, could an observer have guessed at the horrible thoughts surging through Lillian Carroll's mind, or the intense agony tearing at her heart. For a long time she lay there motionless, her very life almost exhausted by the possibilities floating through her brain, and her realization of the thralldom in which her life was involved. At last she called Cora, softly, to her.

"Only a child to save me!" she moaned, despairingly; still she put her arms about the little girl, and kissed her, and talked to her playfully, and then coaxingly, and offered her some pretty baubles for the stone. And when Cora consented to part with it she said: "Some person must have lost it out of a ring. Perhaps the person will come back to look for it; and if you see such a person you must run straight to me, and tell me, and I will give it to you to carry to him; but you must not tell any one else anything about it, or else I shall give them the stone and let them do the errand for me, instead of my little Cora."

And Cora promised to do as she was desired, for she loved the pretty, delicate, sad, sick "Mamma Lilly." Though the child was not a great deal with her, the only interest that Mrs. Carroll ever showed in any person, she showed toward this small, spoiled step-daughter, who, in her childhood, was the only human creature in which Lillian could believe or love.

For want of love this young wife was surely dying. It seemed to her that, despite her youth, and beauty, and wealth, life had only held misery for her since her mother met and was fascinated with Lionel Carroll—a darkly-handsome widow, with a pretty baby-girl, a small bank-account, unknown antecedents, and a riotous passion for the allurements purchasable with ready gold. As a step-father, his cruel neglect of her mother and supreme dislike of herself had gained for him Lillian's hatred. And when she was left an heiress, but, through her mother's infatuation, entirely under the control of this wicked, passionful Lionel Carroll, her hatred became actual dread of him. Then there had come a time—about a year ago—that was only a dream—a blissful dream that had given place to a horrible awakening; and it had come to pass that she was the wife of this man who had broken, already, two women's hearts, and only coveting her gold, was putting a rapid end to the frail life of his third wife by the absolute imprisonment in which he kept her.

It seemed, however, that this imprisoned seclusion of Lillian's was about to end. The second day after the incident of Cora's finding the stone lost from Cecil De Forrest's ring, her husband returned from a brief absence, spent she could readily guess in mad carousings, and after dining with his little daughter, for whom, oddly enough, he had a savage fondness, made a short, enquiring call upon the invalid. He found her sitting in an easy-chair; and his quick eyes detected a change in her; whether for better or worse he could hardly tell. It was as if her life had flamed up fiercely, but even in the flaming was only burning more swiftly to the end.

"I hope I see you as well as usual," he said, mockingly, after regarding her a few moments, while he remained standing and neither spoke. "I just wanted to say you must have some packing done, immediately. We are going to Europe, Saturday."

"To Europe—Saturday! When you leased this place I thought you intended remaining here some time!"

"Well, I've changed my mind." "But, Lionel, will you not wait another week! just one. I may feel stronger then." The very flowing of Lillian's blood seemed stopped in her veins while she awaited the answer, marvelous as was the self-control to which she had strained herself. Her husband, though not able to understand her anxiety yet discerned it, and answered, imperiously: "We go Saturday."

With a suppressed groan, Lillian's tense nerves relaxed and she sunk back, unconscious against the velvets of her chair. Lionel rung for a servant and passed to his own room, more firmly determined than ever to remove his wife immediately to Europe.

The first conscious thought in Lillian's mind, as she revived, was that only one day was left her in which to wait and watch for an assurance concerning the strange hopes that had found place in her weary heart. It was Thursday night; and if Friday passed and she still learned nothing that could end that horrible suspense, she could only wish to die with the undertaking of this journey which her husband proposed. Early morning found her at the window where, during the daylight, she had sat contently since the hour that Cora had given to her keeping the onyx stone. And always her eyes were fastened, with a brilliancy born of extreme excitement, upon the spot where three days previous Cecil had gotten his fall.

Lionel Carroll was still slumbering, but Cora had escaped from her early breakfast to a play spell upon the lawn, when a graceful, manly form reached the end of Lillard street, and turned his steps toward the spot that Lillian Carroll regarded so intently. From the depths of the embrasured window of the mansion her burning eyes discovered and recognized that form, and her thin hands were stretched out, and an eager, supplicating cry rose to her lips.

"Cecil! Cecil! Oh! God, my—!" A sense of suffocation, a soft gurgling sound in her throat, and warm bright blood was staining the young wife's eager hands and dainty draperies.

In the afternoon Cora was admitted to see her step-mamma, who lay white and helpless upon her couch, but with eyes in which the excited light was not quenched. The little girl went softly to be kissed, and standing with Lillian's arm about her, whispered:

"Mamma Lilly, the person has come who lost the stone. He is such a nice man, as handsome as papa! And I ran to the fence and told him how I found it, and that I gave it to you. But when I came for it no one would let me see you. They said you were very ill. They thought you might die. So I ran back and told him, and he said he would come again, Monday. He had been away but came to look for the stone as soon as he got back, because he loved it so; but he didn't think he'd get it. And he told me what the letters on the stone meant, but I can't remember them."

A spasm had come, while Cora talked, and sharpened Lillian's delicate pallid face, and had passed.

"Monday! Monday!" she whispered to herself; but Cora caught the words.

"Yes, Monday, Mamma Lilly."

"Cora, we may not be here Monday—Mamma Lilly may not be here!" she gasped in agony, while the child regarded her with wonder. "But," she resumed, "if we are here, if you are here, give him the stone. It is in that smallest pocket of my work-basket. Hand it here, and I will shut it in your pocket. You must not open the lock, on any account, until

then. And Mamma Lilly will give you some writing to give the gentleman, sometime soon, and you must hide it like a dear little girl, and give it to him Monday with the stone. You will, won't you, darling? Now kiss me and go away, and do not say anything to anybody about it."

That afternoon Lionel Carroll entered his wife's room to see if there was any chance of her being able to bear a removal to the steamer the next morning. He found an open desk by the side of her couch, and some written pages upon it; but the fair young writer lay still and motionless, the last drops of her life-blood trickling gently over her yellow hair and embroidered pillows. When he had ascertained that Lillian was indeed dead, he quietly locked the door and read what she had been writing:

"Cecil, my own best love, I know, now, that you live and that I have been the victim of a horrible plot! When my guardian told me that you were dead, killed in that awful collision, my heart broke! My life since has been one wish for death—that meant to me freedom and my love; and now the intense excitement which I have borne since the supposition occurred to me that you might be living, has nearly spent what little vitality was left me. But I will try to live, for your sake, my own beloved! and surely you will find some way of righting this dreadful wrong that has been done us! My guardian was on the train that carried us to our doom, but was unarmed while death or misery came to so many. He found me insensible and carried me by carriage to a quiet old farm, and when I recovered from a prolonged attack of fever told me that you were killed. Then he took me abroad, always tormenting me to marry him. Broken-hearted and completely in his power, I was forced at last to comply; and as my marriage to you had not yet been announced, while we waited for my guardian to settle matters, he insisted upon my marriage to him being solemnized under my maiden name of Lillian Elise Stuart. From that time I have lived always on the memory of those few short weeks when I was your wife! your own adored Elise—and now, God will surely give us back to each other! You, and you alone, are my husband, as you alone are my love. Oh, if you could know what I have endured since—"

The lines ended there, and the man who had read them with a mocking admiration of the success with which he had gambled for and won his high stakes, crushed them in his pocket, and rung swiftly for servants.

In the late May sunshine of Monday morning Cecil De Forrest walked again up Lillard street to where it ended. As he neared the mysterious house that had become so gloomily wrought in his memory with that loss to his ring which had thrilled him with ominous fear, through the iron gate, at the far end of the side of the grounds he faced, a small funeral cortege passed, and turned toward the silent city of exquisite marbles not far distant. He uncovered his head, reverently. The last carriage came, there were so few, and a little face caught sight of him, and eager little fingers tore at a lock of hair under the neck of the mourning frock, and a tiny hand was thrust out to him with his onyx stone. As the carriages rolled on, Cecil re-covered his head, and walked away with his treasure.

And, all undreaming how nearly the lines of his life had once more met those of his lost girl-wife, or how nearly the mystery of their lives had been unraveled, it ended there—the story.

GOING TO SLEEP.

BY JOHNNIE DARR.

And so you tell me I'm dying—
But think you I feel afraid
To pay the debt of Nature.
When my debt of sin is paid?
Think you I feel a sorrow,
To leave this bright glad earth?
When I know that on the morrow
I shall have my grand new birth?

And why do you look so sadly,
As you gaze on my wasted form?
Don't you know that this weary body
Has weathered many a storm—
That now as I'm floating slowly,
The tempests of life all past,
Don't you think I am glad to enter
The harbor of heaven at last?

I shall go to sleep so softly
You will hardly know I'm gone,
But I'll wake upon the morrow
In the light of heavenly dawn.

Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER; OR, The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JUDGE LYNCH PRESIDES.

ALL business was at a standstill in Hard Luck. Even Pet Pete, of the Dew Drop Inn, found himself completely deserted, just as he was coming to the intensely thrilling point of a sketch from real life—suggested by the event about to take place that day—when the stentorian voice of Arkansas Jack was heard in the distance, and an immediate stampede was the result. For miles around the news had spread, and nearly every digger within fifty miles had made it a point to visit Hard Luck, to see the show. It was not every day that such an opportunity offered—a "real court" held among the mountains.

Sheriff Hayes and his company of Man-Hunters had returned from a hard but unsuccessful ride after Joaquin Murietta, and after some discussion, pro and con, it was resolved to give the two prisoners the benefit of a speedy and impartial trial. The witnesses were ready. Though, doubtless, Sleepy George and his crew would far rather have been employed in clearing out the gold placer, the pointed hint given them had kept them quiet.

The court was held in open air, beneath the spreading oak from the shelter of which Little Volcano had first awakened from his brief dream of love. Long Tom had kindly furnished one of his green baize-covered tables. Beside this the judge is seated; Sheriff Jack Hayes being elected *vice voce*. He is in his shirt-sleeves, his head is bare; the day is close and sultry. Before him lie pen, ink and paper. At his elbow stands a bowl of Pet Pete's best punch, and a box of cigars. Hard Luck resolved to do the thing up in style—and had not the sheriff firmly objected, the table would have equaled any bar in town.

After much discussion, the preliminaries had been arranged. The greatest difficulty was in selecting a suitable jury. Everybody in or near Hard Luck had already judged the case and pronounced for or against the prisoners. But even this difficulty was surmounted by Jack Gabriel, whose wit seemed sharpened by the emergency. He rode away at the head of a dozen men, returning at midnight with the jury. Whenever he found a man who had not yet heard of the arrest, that was sufficient; he was mounted behind a rider, forbidden to open

his mouth under penalty of being gagged. In this manner the required number were collected, and kept in solitary confinement until the hour of the trial, then produced by Gabriel with honest triumph.

Judge Lynch—late Sheriff Hayes—cast a glance over the motley crowd. It was truly a curious scene. Perhaps two hundred souls were present, including nearly every nationality under the sun. The majority were sturdy diggers, though a few of the softer sex were visible; several Indians, a few "Johns," a black or two. The jury squatted upon a log, some scowling as they remembered their unguarded claims, others careless, a few calmly attentive, resolved to do their duty to the best of their judgment. A little to the right stood a couple of chairs; in these were seated the prisoners, unnamed and unbound. There was little danger of their escaping—too many revolvers were visible.

Judge Lynch pulled strongly at his half-smoked cigar for a moment or two, as if to insure its keeping alight, then rapped upon the table before him. Instantly all was silent as the grave, save for the faint rustling among the leaves overhead.

"Gentlemen," began the judge, speaking in clear, well-measured accents. "Gentlemen, there is no need of my telling you the purpose of this gathering, more than to say that I mean to give the prisoners a fair show, and see that they receive justice, whether they are innocent or guilty. I don't pretend to know much about court business, as it is carried on in the big cities, where, I am told, a handful of gold will change any man's opinions; but this much I do know; if the evidence which we are soon to hear proves the prisoners guilty, beyond all reasonable doubt, they shall receive a just punishment; but if the evidence fails to show this—and you are the judge of that, gentlemen of the jury—then they shall go free from here, honored and respected."

"The charges against them are three in number: robbery, murder, and being friends to or members of Joaquin's band. Now, Mr. Gabriel, you will proceed to call the witnesses."

"One moment, your honor," cried Little Volcano, rising to his feet. "You say we are to receive a fair trial; that is all we ask. But are we to have no counsel—no one to speak for us?"

"The evidence will do that, young man. Still, you are at liberty to ask the witnesses any questions you choose, and if proper ones they shall be answered."

Sleepy George was the first witness put upon the stand, and, after being sworn, began his evidence. It rolled glibly enough from his tongue, and the lies were well cemented together with bits of truth. Little Volcano listened intently, taking an occasional note, but making no interruption.

There is no need to follow the gambler's exact words; to do so would employ much space which can be better occupied. The main substance can be given in a few lines.

The court would remember his old friend and pard, Chippy Jeff, who unfortunately died with the jim-jams, some weeks previously, and soon after returning from a prospecting tour. Everybody knew that Jeff had brought back plenty of gold, that he often declared he had struck it unaccountably rich while gone. But he died, and made the witness his heir as payment for his assiduous attention and nursing during his fatal illness. Among his property was found a chart, giving directions where to find a wonderfully rich placer of gold. The witness, after considerable trouble, made up a party of five men, all of whom he could trust, and went to find the placer. Though unsuspecting then, the prisoners had dogged them, and watching their chance, had attacked them in the night, killing Laughing Dick and Butcher Ben. Taken by surprise, witness and his surviving comrades retreated to the hills, leaving their gold behind them. When day came, they saw their mistake, and attacked the prisoners, but before they could regain their own, a strong force, led by Joaquin Murietta, the outlaw, came up, and, together with the prisoners, hunted them through the hills until witness and pards finally escaped them.

"Will your honor please ask the witness one question?" said Little Volcano, as Sleepy George concluded his evidence. "The witness says a chart was bequeathed him by his friend; can he produce that chart for inspection?"

"You know I can't," snarled Sleepy George.

"You stole it, 'long of the gold an' stuff." "Ask him, your honor, to describe this chart. What language was it written in—with pencil or ink—and what was the name signed to it, if any?"

"The questions are fair ones—witness, you must answer," promptly added Judge Lynch.

Sleepy George looked uneasy, and glanced toward the spot where Long Tom stood. This was more than he had calculated upon. Still he could not escape answering. The paper was written with ink, in English; if there was any name signed to it, he had never noticed it; did not think there was any signature.

"I have no more questions to ask, your honor, at present. Perhaps, you had better take charge of this paper for me."

Judge Lynch glanced at the paper, and his brows lowered, but only for a moment. Then he bade Arkansas Jack proceed.

The Preacher, Ham-fall Zack and Cockeyed Waddel were called in succession, and though each man had been kept separate, their evidence fully corroborated that of their leader, Sleepy George, and the prisoners saw that the evidence was not without its effect upon the jury.

Long Tom gave in his evidence in a clear, straightforward manner. He told how the prisoners visited his rooms, for the purpose of playing; that a quarrel ensued, when Little Volcano drew a knife and struck Sleepy George; that a strong look sides with the prisoners, and who was then recognized as Joaquin Murietta; that the three effected their escape together, nor had they been seen in town again until brought in captives.

The next witness was a big, raw-boned specimen of humanity, who gave his name as William Blazem, better known as Bill Blazes, from the bottoms of Grand river, Missouri. Little Volcano smiled faintly as he recognized the "vaugh-hoss," and whose appearance time had not much improved. His hay-colored hair seemed even more sunburnt and frowsy; his face redder, his eyes more bleared and watery, though now ornamented with twin circles of purple bruised flesh and sundry scratches; his clothing more greasy and ragged, if possible, than when Little Volcano left him upon the mountain-side.

"Witness, you will tell the jury what you know of the prisoners; make your story brief and to the point, and remember that you are now upon oath," said the judge.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout the old feller, judge," said Bill Blazes, scratching his unkempt head; "but I kin tell somethin' 'bout the little cuss—I know 'im from a to ampersand, the pizen, or'nary—"

"Keep to your evidence, sir," impatiently

cried Judge Lynch. "We want none of your blackguardism—nothing but facts."

"That's a fact, anyhow," muttered Bill Blazes, but then hastily resumed: "I know the prisoner—the little 'un. I know him for a durned, no-count thief, an' one o' Walk-in's band—I do for a scan'alous fact! I'll tell ye how 'twas, boss. Ye see, this Walk-in, as he calls himself, he's bin rampagin' the kentry right smart, a-cuttin' up the devil generally, until I thinks, thinks—'tis a durned, all-fired shame—I did so. I knowed there was a big reward out fer his head, an' so I made up my mind to aim it. I laid all my plans—picked out a smart gang o' fellers, an' tucked to the trail. We run the varmint to airth at last, an' would 'a' bagged him, only I—it runs in our family, gentlemen—was tuck sick. I was struck plum blind fer a time. The boys was red-hot, an' wouldn't wait fer me—so on they runs, an' gits flaxed out the worst kind."

"Wall, boss, I was layin' thar at the foot o' a tree, when the pris'n'r—the little cuss—kern up, long o' three other fellers, one on 'em no less than Walk-in himself. I was weaker'n a sick kitten, 'nd couldn't do nothin'. They pitched onto me, pounded me 'most dead, robbed me—I had high onto three thousan' dollars in dust—stole my weapons an' then pucker-cheed—"

"At this point an interruption came, as starting as it was expected. During the evidence of the "witness-hoss," Arkansas Jack seemed unusually restless and nervous, but at last he could no longer control himself and strode forward to the witness-stand, one hand closing upon the Missouriian's shoulder.

"Your honor," he said, excitedly, "it hain't my style to kick up a muss whar I've no business, but when a dirty, lyin' cuss like this comes out in daylight an' tries to swar away a man's life, I can't help it—keep still, you varmint! or I'll send you to blazes, hot foot!" he growled, as Bill Blazes sought to free himself and sink away.

"What do you mean, Mr. Gabriel?" demanded the judge.

"Jest this. This feller *did* raise a comp'ny, of which I was one. When we found we was nigh our game, he turned tail—wanted to make us back out! We kicked him down the hill, an' piled in ourselves. As fer his three thousan' dollars, I know he didn't hev three cents' worth o' gold in his clo'es—an' I kin prove every word I say. As fer Joaquin, he was fightin' us, as I kin swar on my Bible oath, as only fer him, I'd 'a' wiped out Three-fingered Jack that day. Knowin' all this, how could I stan' still an' listen to sech durned lies—"

"We thank you, Mr. Gabriel, for your service in exposing such a malicious perjurer. As for you, Bill Blazes, you shall not entirely escape. Gentlemen of the jury—is he guilty or not guilty, of attempting to swear the prisoner's life away falsely?"

"Guilty in course—the pizen cuss!" growled the burly foreman.

"Then I sentence him to receive fifty lashes, soundly laid on, to be kicked out of camp, and I adjourn this court to see that the penalty is fully carried out."

In vain Bill Blazes protested his innocence. He was dragged away to the hillside where stout witnesses would be handy, and there the punishment was inflicted. Stripped naked, he was bound to a tree-trunk, and Arkansas Jack wielded the switches with a willing arm, Judge Lynch audibly counting the strokes until the full number were bestowed. But so terribly had the wretch suffered—sinking to the ground a bleeding, quivering mass when he was released—that the second part of the punishment was remitted. He was ordered to leave the town, never to return under penalty of receiving a like visitation; then the court retraced its steps—to make a startling discovery.

Little Volcano sat quietly in his chair, just as he had been left when the crowd rushed toward the hillfoot, but Zimri Coon was missing. Neither was he among the crowd.

He had vanished as though the earth had swallowed him up.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PAINFUL INTERVIEW.

JUDGE, jury and spectators stared in mute amazement at the vacant chair, scarce able to believe their eyes. It did not seem possible that the prisoner could have stolen away, unobserved by at least one pair out of the many—yet such had been the case. He was not among the crowd, nor could any glimpse of him be obtained along the hillside, up or down the valley, nor yet toward the town.

"How is this—what does it all mean?" cried Jack Hayes, addressing the boy miner, who was quietly smiling at their consternation.

"Where's he gone to?"

"I suppose he got tired sitting here listening to his life being sworn away by a nest of such infernal scoundrels—you flogged one of the most decent of the lot, just now—and so he thought he'd take a walk, for the good of his health."

"And you—why didn't you go, too?"

"Tisn't my style. I've never yet turned tail to an enemy—it's too late in the day to begin now. I'll either leave this a free and unsuspected man, or you'll have the blood of an innocent being upon your hands. If I do win free, there'll be some black and heavy scores wiped out—"

"Never mind that now—you are not cleared yet. Jack Gabriel—you will take the prisoner back to his jail, and keep him under your own eye until he is wanted. As for you, boys," he added, addressing the excited crowd, "there's one hundred dollars waiting for the man who brings back that old fellow. Don't hurt him more than you can help, for he isn't armed—but bring him back. Half a dozen of you strike off over the hill on foot—the rest of you get your horses and come to me for instructions—away!"

The sharply-spoken words were not without effect. From being wildly excited, running to and fro and making confusion worse confounded, they settled down to business in an instant, a dozen of them starting up the hillside, here too steep and broken for horsemen, others rushing for their horses and putting themselves under command of Jack Hayes.

"It's jest as well you didn't make a break, long o' your pard, you feller," observed Arkansas Jack, as he escorted Little Volcano back to his prison. "The old fool 'll be brung back in less'n a hour, an' his running away will only prejudece the jury ag'in him."

"He asked me to go with him, but I didn't think it worth while," replied the boy miner, as he entered the log cabin. "There's nothing been proved against us yet, nor can there be unless false swearing can outweigh the truth. But I owe you one, friend, for exposing that ass—if I don't say much, I think all the more."

"You hain't got nothin' to thank me for," was the blunt reply. "I owed the pizen varmint one, I paid it, too—'twasn't out o' love fer you. They say you've bin mighty thick with Joaquin; they say they kin prove it. Ef that's so—ef you do belong to his gang—I'll be

the fust one to histe away on the rope an' laugh at the show you make a-dancin' on nothin'."

"Thank you for nothing! I don't think you'll have that pleasure very soon, if there's any justice to be had. If I had been guilty, I wouldn't be here now, when I had such a good chance of making my legs save my neck. Now, if you have no objections, I'll take a little snooze—I didn't sleep much last night."

Arkansas Jack lighted his pipe and sat down upon the floor, leaning against the slab door, listening for the sounds of triumph he doubted not would speedily announce the capture of the fugitive. But hour after hour elapsed without the expected signals, and his face began to lengthen as confidence gradually turned to doubt. If Zimri Coon should escape for good—what a bitter disgrace it would be to them all—and he had been playing such a prominent part—he would never hear the last of it.

Poor Jack Gabriel! Little did he dream of the fate future had in store for him. His days were already numbered—his earthly trail was drawing to an end. He was to add one more link to the terrible chain of crime and blood that still marks the footsteps of the terrible Joaquin and even more ruthless Manuel Garcia.

The sun was sinking below the tree-tops upon the western range, when a timid knock at the cabin door aroused Jack Gabriel from the reverie into which he had fallen. A low, trembling voice replied to his challenge—the tones of a woman, beyond a doubt—and casting one glance toward the sleeping captive, Jack opened the door and stepped forth. He instantly recognized the slight figure of Mary Morton, and doffed his hat with rude politeness.

"You wanted to see me, Miss?" he asked, with a voice that would persist in wabbling a little; bold as he was, Jack was no hero in the presence of beauty.

"Oh, sir—you will be kind? You will let me see—the prisoner?" faltered Mary.

"You may think it a strange request, but I—I love him so dearly!"

"It's ag'in orders, Miss—the boss would 'ra' up an' kick the hull gable end off o' me ef he knowed it. I'd like to please ye, but you see jest how I'm fixed," said Jack, uneasily.

"There can be no harm—he is innocent, I am sure. Please let me see him—if only for one short minute!" pleaded the maiden, her trembling hand touching Jack's horny paw.

To do him justice, Gabriel tried hard to resist, but he could not. Down in his big bosom was a heart, tender and soft toward anything in the shape of woman. It melted immediately, though he sought to make his voice sound ever rougher and sterner than usual, as he replied:

"Yes—you want to play some trick, so he kin slip off like t'other feller did—that's what he kin do."

"No, indeed—indeed—"

"You promise, honest Injun, you won't give him no weapons—no pizen nur nothin'? You won't try to play no bugs onto me if I let you inside thar?"

"I promise you, by my mother's grave!" was the earnest reply.

"Then I'll trust you—I couldn't help it, ef I was to try till the cows come home. You 'mind me of my little gal—she's dead now. Thar—don't say no more. Go in—when you want to come out, jest knock on the door."

He opened the door, and Mary entered. She saw the boy miner lying upon the floor, still sleeping, his face pale and careworn. At that sight all hesitation vanished, all shyness was gone; she only remembered that she loved him better far than life itself, and gliding forward she knelt beside him, pressing her lips to his forehead.

The gentle touch awakened him. His eyes opened, and his dream seemed realized. For the moment he only knew that she whom he loved with an ardor and intensity far beyond his years, was there beside him—and then they were clasped in each other's arms.

But only for a few moments did this transport last. That black, never-to-be-forgotten night recurred to the boy miner's memory, and a shudder of aversion passed through his frame as he released the maiden and sprung to his feet. Mary looked up into his face, bewildered at this sudden change. And then a hot blush suffused her face as she murmured:

"You are angry with me for coming here?"

"Not angry—only I must confess I am surprised to see you here—alone," replied the boy miner, speaking hard and sternly, the more so, perhaps, from finding it such an effort to speak at all.

"There was no one to come with me. Aunt Mary was busy—and I couldn't wait, I wanted to see you so much," faltered Mary.

"To ask me what I have done with your lover, no doubt," bitterly added Little Volcano.

"I—I don't understand you!" murmured Mary, arising.

"Indeed!" sneered the boy miner. "Do you wish me to speak out? Then, as Mary looked at him in silent surprise, he added, in a hard, almost insulting tone: "Very well; I will speak plainly, and if the words hurt you, do not blame me. You must know why I am here; among other things for killing or helping to kill two members of a party that followed us for the purpose of murdering and robbing us. One of them men was known as—*Laughing Dick*."

"I know—I heard it all—I sent you a note, warning you of danger," murmured Mary.

"I said one of the men who was killed was named Laughing Dick," repeated the boy miner with emphasis. "You may have heard of him—possibly?"

"Yes—he was one of the band—I have seen him."

Little Volcano stared in amazement. Could it be that he had made a mistake? No—that was impossible.

"I know you have seen him—I know that only too well!"

"What do you mean? There is some dreadful mistake—"

"So I said, on that night. Do you remember that afternoon—when we were together in the dining-room? When you told me you loved me—better than life itself?"

"That is the question I should ask you," sadly replied the maiden. "My being here is a sufficient answer—but *you*?"

"Ay! there is a change, isn't there?" he laughed harshly. "I was a silly, blind fool, then. But my eyes were quickly opened. My God! how happy I was that day! I could repeat every one of your words—recall every look and smile—I was in heaven upon earth! But that same night—Do you remember it? You were beside the spring—a man's arms were around your waist—he kissed you—and I saw it all—all! You hide your head—I do not wonder—"

"You saw me, then?" gasped the maiden, tremblingly.

"Yes—and I recognized him, too. I paid my debt in full—if you want him, go ask the wolves and the buzzards!"

"I do not understand you—I saw him, alive and well, not an hour ago—"

"Bah! can the dead walk? I killed him, I tell you—and was only sorry that he didn't have a dozen lives that I might—"

"Who are you speaking of—what is his name?"

"It was Laughing Dick—the gambler—the thief—"

"Thank God!" cried Mary, joyfully. "Then you don't know—you thought it was a lover whom I met that night?"

"It would seem so, to a blind man with spectacles on," harshly laughed Little Volcano. "Those soft words, those long-drawn kisses—that looked lover-like, certainly!"

"I never spoke a dozen words to that man—Laughing Dick. I never met him except as he came in to dinner with the rest. I never had a lover, until—until—"

"Will you tell me *who* it was you met that night at the spring, then?" interrupted the boy miner.

"I cannot—I dare not—do not ask me, please."

"You say that it was not Laughing Dick—that you never met nor spoke a word of love to him. You say more, that you never had a lover. And yet you *did* meet a man after dark that night, beside the spring, for I saw you. You let him hug you, let him kiss you, and once, at least—for I saw it with my own eyes—you kissed him in return. I may be very dull and stupid—but I cannot reconcile this with your words. I admit that I loved you—I loved you wholly and entirely—I would have died for you, and counted myself richly repaid with one kind look—one kiss. Yet my love did not make me blind—I know what I saw. If you can explain it away, I will bless you—I will ask your pardon upon my knees. Can you explain it? Tell me who that man was—tell me what connection there is between you?"

"I cannot—I cannot!" sobbed Mary, covering her face.

"You mean you *will* not! Very well. I was a fool for even dreaming of such a thing—for thinking you *could* explain it away. But that's gone now. My eyes are opened for good—"

"As God hears me, there was nothing wrong—I was never false to you, even in thought! You will believe me?"

"When you tell me what I ask—never, unless," stonily replied Little Volcano, turning away from her.

The maiden sunk to the floor with a wailing cry, sobbing as though her heart would break. The cry was echoed from without, and then the door opened, and Mrs. Champion entered, followed by Arkansas Jack. Mary arose, and, after one appealing look toward the boy miner, she took her aunt's arm and left the prison.

Arkansas Jack watched them out of sight, then closed and fastened the door, with a good deal of emphasis, growling:

"I don't know what they may be atween you an' her—nor what it was brung her here; but this much I will say! A feller as 'll make a little angel-gal like that cry fit to bust her heart, ain't fit to live 'mong white men—an' if ever I git the chance to pull on a rope as 'round your neck, ef I don't shout glory hallelujah! then I'm a nigger—so thar!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

LITTLE VOLCANO "SPREADS HIMSELF."

TIME dragged slowly and heavily with the prisoner, who now had no hope to cheer him. With the vanishing of Mary Morton, it seemed as though the last link that bound him to earth had been loosened. Through all his mad jealousy and dark thoughts, there had nevertheless been a vein of hope that everything might be cleared away—the seeming mystery explained, and when the final blow came, it descended with redoubled force. Boy though he was, in years, at least, the wild, independent life he had led for years had developed his nature wonderfully, and he loved Mary Morton with every fiber of his fiery, nervous nature. Those hours were of absolute torture, though he persisted in declaring himself doubly fortunate in making the discovery before it was too late.

Only once did he arouse himself from the gloomy fit that had fallen upon him; that was when Arkansas Jack came to relieve the guard. The giant seemed greatly excited, and drawing close to Little Volcano, whispered rapidly in his ear for some minutes. The boy miner thanked him warmly, but then relapsed into the old mood—almost stupor.

The hours passed on, rolling up into days, still nothing was heard of the missing man. A number of the pursuers came back, empty-handed, but as a general thing only to recruit themselves, once more taking the trail, well provided with rations. No word came from Sheriff Hayes, until early on the morning of the fourth day. Then he rode into town, haggard and way-worn, his horse scarce able to walk, his followers, if anything, in still harder case. There was no need of asking questions. A blind man could have told the truth. Never once had they set eyes upon the fugitive, never once even struck his trail. It seemed as though Zimri Coon must have called to his aid the spirits of the air to have vanished without leaving the faintest trace of his passage.

Sheriff Hayes resolved to lose no more time, and, scarce waiting to take wise counsel, he called a meeting and declared his intention of proceeding with the trial of the remaining prisoner. The jury was still at hand, though Arkansas Jack had had considerable trouble with several of them, who had left paying claims entirely unprotected behind them at such short notice. Only by swearing that he would shoot the first man who attempted to leave before the boss' return, could he keep them there. Others were more complaisant, spending most of their time at Long Tom's gambling-tables.

"It's a dub'ous outlook for you, I'm 'feared, young fellow," said Jack Gabriel, thoughtfully, after receiving notice to hold his prisoner ready when wanted. "The boss is wuss than a bar with a sore head—the jury is a durned sight wuss, an' they mean to rush the thing through in a hurry. Ef they'd ketch'd your pard it'd be a heap easier fer you, 't enn'y-rate."

"Let them do their worst, old man—it'll be all the same a thousand years from now. Only—I don't like to be beaten even in a brace game, and I'll fight it through the best I know how. There comes the word now, I guess."

The boy miner was right. A messenger came bidding Arkansas Jack produce his prisoner—that the court was awaiting him. Gabriel hesitated, and fairly blushed as he thrust one hand into his pocket, where something clinked softly. Little Volcano smiled faintly and held out his hands.

"Slip them on, pard—don't think I blame you, only one would think that, after my action t'other day, my word of honor would be sufficient."

"So it would with me—more than enough, lad—but what kin I do? I told you the boss was sharp set," muttered Gabriel, as he clasped the handcuffs around the boy miner's wrists.

The court was awaiting them, at the old spot beneath the wide-spreading oak tree. The judge did look stern—while more than one of the jury seemed fairly wolfish. The crowd—far less numerous than that of the first day—evidently shared the same feelings, and vindictive looks greeted the prisoner from every side, while low muttered threats and curses came to his ears from all sides. Instead of intimidating him, the effect was directly opposite. Casting a proudly-defiant glance around, the boy miner resolved to fight bravely and stubbornly for the life that had, only a few hours before, seemed utterly valueless.

There was little time cut to waste. The judge arose and rapidly, though clearly and justly, gave an epitome of the evidence already given in. On concluding he asked the prisoner if he had omitted anything. Little Volcano expressed his complete satisfaction.

Several witnesses were called, sworn and gave in their evidence, but the testimony is scarcely worth recording in full. A great part of it was merely hearsay, the only direct portions being in regard to the actions of the prisoner at the time when Joaquin rode through the town on the Sunday when the Man-Hunters were first organized.

With this the prosecution ended their testimony and rested their case. The judge asked the prisoner what defense he had to offer.

"I have a good deal to say, your honor, but I will not waste more of your time than I can help. I could wish that these useful ornaments were removed, but I do not ask it, as your guard is so small," with a quiet glance around at the crowd of scowling faces. "As the first of my witnesses, let the man called Sleepy George take the stand."

"I'm a witness ag'inst him," protested the bummer, but his protest was cut short by Arkansas Jack bundling him forward.

"You will please repeat your story of the chart to the gold placer. Tell the jury everything connected with it," said Little Volcano.

Sleepy George obeyed, as Gabriel gave him a warning punch in the ribs. His evidence was nearly the same as that already recorded. Then the prisoner questioned him closely as to the general shape and appearance of the paper. The bummer stumbled through as best he could, his uneasiness by no means lessened as he caught the cold, glittering eye of the judge riveted upon him.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prisoner. "You have heard this man's evidence. He has described the chart which he claims as his property, and which he swears I and my friend stole from him. He has given evidence, too, as to where this gold placer is situated, has named the landmarks with sufficient clearness for you to recognize them. Now I recall to your memory the fact that I, on the first day, handed his honor the disputed chart; he has it now. Please remember what the witness has sworn: that the writing is in ink and in the English language; that he believed there was no name signed to it, or if there was that he had overlooked it. Now, your honor, will you please pass the paper over to the gentlemen of the jury?"

The chart was passed over, and eagerly examined. It was written with a lead-pencil, in Spanish, and across the face of the chart, in letters full half an inch long was the name of Joaquin Murietta. Sleepy George saw that he had made a slip, and hastily cried out:

"That's some trick in it—that hain't the paper I had."

"Shet up on'tel you're spoken to!" growled Arkansas Jack, adroitly knocking up the bummer's jaw with a force that made his teeth rattle and the tears to come into his eyes.

"You're right as to what you say, young man," said the foreman, coldly. "But it's mighty queer evidence to put in fer one as stands 'usel' o' bairn' one o' Joaquin's gang."

"All in good time, my friend; perhaps that point can be explained also, if you are patient. Your honor," added the boy miner, "what I now have to say, I wish to be put on my oath. I know it is not regular, but it will match well with what has preceded. If you will hear what I have to say, I am willing to take my chances. In no other way can I explain the chain of accidents which has put me in this uncomfortable position."

"You shall have every chance we can give you," replied the judge. "We are not as a-sinners; we only wish to get at the truth."

Little Volcano was sworn, then proceeded with his story.

He briefly ran over his coming to Hard Luck, with the events which decided him to go prospecting alone for a claim, in preference to choosing one near the regular mines. Then he tersely described his adventure with the runaway horse and what followed.

"I had not the faintest suspicion then, of their identity, and yet, had I known the truth, I might have acted the same. The lady—for lady she was, beyond all doubt—was seriously injured, we feared fatally. The only chance for her life was in procuring assistance at the earliest possible moment. What could I do, as a man with a heart in my breast? Just what I did do—just what any and every man present would have done. I assisted them as far as I was able. We carried her to the valley where his band rendezvoused. Then, for the first time, I knew that my companions were Joaquin Murietta and his wife. They fingered Jack recognized me, and attempted to take my life—you know that he was one of those who stopped the up-coach last month, when I helped to drive them away. Joaquin saved my life then, and bade me follow him. I could do nothing else. If I had attempted to leave them, I should have been followed and murdered. It was while his wife was being attended to that he told me the story of his life. It may have been exaggerated—I know nothing about that; I only know that it affected me strangely at the time. He showed me that his whole life was wrapped up in the welfare of his wife, and to prove that he was not ungrateful, he gave me that chart, first swearing that there was no blood upon it, that it had been honestly come by. I took it, as any man would have done. At that moment there came an alarm—the camp was attacked; you all know the result. I had no choice but to leave as best I could. I couldn't fight with Joaquin, nor against him, as I was situated. I escaped, and while the fight was still going on I met Bill Blazes. He insulted me—I knocked him down and went my way. I found my partner, and told him everything. We were examining the chart, and discussing it, when we discovered an eavesdropper. That eavesdropper was none other than Sleepy George. What he overheard there is all he ever knew about that chart, but it was enough to cause us all this trouble. We tried to throw him off the track, by advertising a lost paper, but in vain. Then came the row at the house of Long Tom. It was a put-up job to get hold of the chart, by double-banking me. It failed, though I was knocked senseless. We slipped off that night for our place. They followed us. They stole us the first shot; we were on guard. They fired the first shot; we returned it, and in self-defense killed two men. They besieged us, but that day Joaquin came up and drove them off. We never asked his help, nor could we

refuse it. He rode away, and left us to ourselves. What followed, you all know as well as I. This, your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, is a true and faithful story of what you call my crimes, so help me God!"

"Have you no other witnesses to call?" asked the judge.

"None, your honor. You have heard everything that bears upon the case—except one thing."

"Is it of importance? The day is passing, and our time is of importance," a little sharply asked the judge.

"I consider it of the greatest importance, your honor, since, in all probability, my life depends upon it."

"Very well; what is it?"

"I am not entirely satisfied with the jury—"

"That cannot be helped now; the evidence is all in—"

"I must ask leave to make a brief statement, then," quietly added Little Volcano. "I can prove that two of the members have taken money as pay for bringing me in guilty."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE season of 1876 will be known as the season when the curved-line underhand throwing came generally into vogue. Of course this style of delivery has been a characteristic of the pitching of several players for two or three years past; but this season it has become quite a feature, and the player who possesses the power to impart the horizontal side-curve to his pitching is regarded as the best man for the position. This is a mistaken view of the matter, however, as there are other essentials in the make-up of a first-class effective pitcher equally as important as the side-curve delivery, but nevertheless the pitcher who can impart the curve with ordinary accuracy of delivery, generally proves to be pretty effective. The feature of this curve is that the ball, by a movement of the wrist in underhand throwing, is made to describe a horizontal or side-curve, thereby making it very difficult for the batsman to judge the ball correctly, he being very apt to think that it is coming close to him when it actually curves off toward the end of the bat, and vice-versa. As a natural result of practice in batting against this style of pitching an experience has been gained which renders the batsman's task, when facing ordinary straight pitching—that is, pitching without the side-curve—comparatively easy. This is why batsmen who have battled against Bond, Devlin, Cummings, Mathews, Nichols and the other side-curve pitchers, have found the straight pitching of Zettlein, McBride and Spalding comparatively easy to hit. There is no questioning the fact that the batting has greatly improved this season, and it is the result of having to face a delivery which has obliged the batsman to handle the ash with extra care and judgment, and to learn to be always ready to bat while standing in his position. Another result of this improvement in batting skill has been to render it necessary that the straight pitchers should offset their inability to impart the curved line to their delivery by an extra amount of strategic skill. This apparently but one pitcher has been able successfully to accomplish, and that one is Spalding of the Chicago nine, who is the king of strategic pitchers. His marked ability in this respect was strikingly illustrated in Brooklyn during the games of September 5th and 6th, when he obliged the Mutuals to give his fielders no less than forty chances for catches out of the fifty-four chances to put men out which were taken. This pitching for catches is Spalding's forte and in this he excels every pitcher in the arena. What with his power to change his pace with the same apparent motion in delivery; the thorough command of the ball; his valuable experience in the position for the past ten years and his clear judgment, he may be fairly set down as the most masterly pitcher of the day.

The following are the "Chicago" games in the League pennant contests up to September 12th, inclusive:

MUTUAL.

St. Louis vs. Mutual..... 2 0
St. Louis vs. Mutual..... 8 0

ST. LOUIS.

Hartford vs. St. Louis..... 6 0
Louisville vs. St. Louis..... 11 0

BOSTON.

Louisville vs. Boston..... 3 0
Chicago vs. Boston..... 15 0

CHICAGO.

St. Louis vs. Chicago..... 1 1
St. Louis vs. Chicago..... 3 0
Hartford vs. Chicago..... 3 0

HARTFORD.

St. Louis vs. Hartford..... 2 0
St. Louis vs. Hartford..... 2 0
St. Louis vs. Hartford..... 2 0

ATHLETIC.

St. Louis vs. Athletic..... 5 0
Chicago vs. Athletic..... 7 0
St. Louis vs. Athletic..... 17 0

CINCINNATI.

Mutual vs. Cincinnati..... 1 0
Mutual vs. "..... 2 0
Boston vs. "..... 4 0
Chicago vs. "..... 6 0
Chicago vs. "..... 6 0
Hartford vs. "..... 6 0
Louisville vs. "..... 8 0
Boston vs. "..... 3 0
St. Louis vs. "..... 10 0
St. Louis vs. "..... 11 0

LOUISVILLE.

Hartford vs. Louisville..... 1 0
Hartford vs. "..... 3 0
Hartford vs. "..... 3 0
St. Louis vs. "..... 3 0
St. Louis vs. "..... 3 0
Hartford vs. "..... 4 0
Chicago vs. "..... 4 0
St. Louis vs. "..... 5 0
St. Louis vs. "..... 7 0
Boston vs. "..... 8 0
Athletic vs. "..... 10 0
Chicago vs. "..... 10 0

The record of the second tour East by the Western nines, up to September 12th, is as follows:

EAST. WEST.

Won. Lost. Won. Lost.

Boston..... 5 0 St. Louis..... 5 1
Hartford..... 4 1 Chicago..... 4 1
Athletic..... 1 4 Louisville..... 1 4
Mutual..... 0 5 Cincinnati..... 0 5

10 10 10 10</

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Sunshine Papers.

Summer Friends.

"As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows,
Singing gentle songs of love
To each blossom in the grove,
Panning only in his flight
When the sweets of life are bright,
All unwilling to depart
Till he reach the very heart,
And when all the luscious store
Is exhausted sings no more—
As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows
Are summer friends."

BUT when Mr. Misfortune wears his last winter's overcoat, and—it is rumored—is approaching a state in business describable as bankruptcy; and Mrs. Misfortune, herself, trims her fall bonnet instead of purchasing it, as usual, at Madame Highprice's, and discharges one of her servants; and all the juvenile Misfortunes are taken ill, together, with the measles, the Misfortunes wonder where are all their friends. And they generally find out, quite to their satisfaction; or at least, beyond any room for doubt. It is truly wonderful what an opportunity such a state of circumstances affords one for learning who are only "summer friends." Also, it is truly wonderful to learn how almost inculcably small is the percentage of true friends.

It is all very well to imagine when you are wearing an elaborate walking costume, and "a love of a new bonnet," that Miss Ardent's extravagant fondness for your company is a passion born of an affinity between your nature and hers. But that romantic idea is generally more pretty than reliable. Unquestionably that amiable young woman cares more for showing herself off in the companionship of your new suit and bonnet than for any amount of sentiment you may entertain for her.

But, why dilate upon this pleasant feature of social intercourse? It is enough that this cruel, selfish, mocking summer friendship exists—almost to the exclusion of any faith in truth. And we learn the lesson at some time; often too early in life. Who has not hid him to school in the nearest of new or newly laundered costumes, with half a pound of temptation in his hands, in the shape of candies or equally desirable edibles, and been that day an idol among his schoolmates, only to be ruthlessly de-throned, to give place to a new favorite upon the morrow? Who has not thus learned, even during childish days and joys, of the existence and falseness of summer friends?

But, there is another class of summer friends against whom some thoughtful reader may need a word of warning. We mean the friends whom we meet during those weeks of travel and recreation in which every young man and woman indulges during the summer months. Does it seem a little harsh to disturb the pleasant memories of one's summerings with the suggestion that harm may come to us through the charms woven of those golden days? Yet this is but truth. Even if we take all the world upon a broad platform of belief in universal goodness—and if there is any time above another when one feels disposed to do this it is when only beauty, and pleasure, and excitement constitute the atmosphere through which we move—that belief will not save us from

coming to grief in regard to some one or more of our estimations. People are not always what they seem, and they are apt to seem their best when thrown among strangers of whom they desire to win esteem and admiration. And there is no time when intimacies, friendships, and attachments ripen so rapidly and tropically as when companions in pleasure and a desire to please are thrown together daily, and in a family way, amid beautiful surroundings and with a delicious sense of freedom that is intensified by its contrast to the rigid conventionalities that necessarily govern a return to home and home society. In summer-time strangers meet and in a few days are more friendly than persons who have known each other a lifetime; and how seldom are the young able to read thoroughly the lives and characters of these hitherto unknown persons who come to please them so well through a brief season of mutual enjoyment and association. If, then, these summer friendships are not formed with care, and kindly put away with memories of the days they helped make pleasant, they may, sometimes, prove a fatal charm holding the poison of a lifetime. But we will not "point a moral" for the young men and maidens who read this—we will only entreat them to remember that

"As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows
Are summer friends."

and there are those whose friendships we may form, in all safety with a full consciousness of their antecedents and characteristics, who will prove far worthier our truth and affection. For though many readers may turn away and smile, and say, "I know that whom I have chosen to like and love will not disappoint me," there have been many sad hearts made through the rendering of the glamour that has been cast over young lives by summer friends.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DIALOGUES.

AN eminent writer, and a gentleman who is not ashamed to confess that he was fond of fun in his youth, states that some of his happiest moments were spent in acting in an amateur club, of which he was a member. The time was passed in coming over pieces to speak, and dialogues to enact, and surely—as the writer wisely remarks—it was a better way of using one's hours than in idling about the streets, frequenting bar-rooms and plotting mischief. The members were learning, and there was amusement as well as instruction in their labors.

I am in great favor of dialogue acting. In the first place, it is one of the most harmless recreations you can find, and what is more enjoyable than to see a good dialogue well performed? It does us no harm to step out of our own selves, and, for a time, assume some other character. We learn a great deal of human nature by personating a character in a dialogue or a parlor drama. They show us how we should act in real life in a similar situation in which the actor is placed, teaching us what to imitate and what to avoid.

I have heard a very sanctimonious individual remark that dialogues were the invention of the Evil One—traps to catch the unwary and lead them from the path of duty! I could but laugh, for it seemed such an absurd idea and remark. But there are some beings who would not keep a picture in their house lest it should lead to idolatry. You never can please this sort of people, and, sometimes, it seems to be of no use to try.

The demand for dialogues proves their popularity, and their use in schools, exhibitions, church festivals, etc., shows that they cannot be so very immoral as those who know nothing about them—want us to believe. If an amateur society cannot be formed with out bickering and quarrelling, then they had best be let alone, because associations like these, like music, should have harmony, or they are good for nothing.

Costume your characters as correctly as you can, and if they are historical you will find a pleasure in looking over old pictures, and you will gain a great deal of information concerning foreign dress and customs.

Keep studying your art. Let me tell you of a couple of anecdotes concerning the close study Edwin Booth gives to every detail of the characters he impersonates and the plays in which he performs, and which show how trifles lead to perfection. Probably you have all seen "Hamlet," and have noticed, when the "players" enter, one of them is a female. In Mr. Booth's version the female is replaced by a young boy—or by a girl in boy's attire—for in Hamlet's time there were no actresses, the female characters being impersonated by beardless boys. In Mr. B.'s researches he has lately discovered that velvet was unknown in the day of the melancholy Dane, and he will henceforth wear some other material. It seems to me that he is a true student, and makes a conscience of his art. If all were as attentive to these details as he is, we should have better actors.

I know of many who are as conversant with English history, from seeing Shakespeare's plays performed, as some of our most indefatigable students are.

Attention to little matters is what is needed, and we can take as much pains in the acting of dialogues as others do in representing a five-act tragedy or comedy. I may have seemed to digress, but I did so with an object, and that object is to have your dialogues so perfect that you will actually seem to be the characters you represent.

Life was not given to us to work all the time; some amusement is deemed necessary to keep us from wearing out. If we have not time to attend to being a partaker in these amusements, we can take as much pleasure in seeing as in being seen. Did you ever notice any of those beings who from upon amusements, let those amusements be ever so harmless and healthful? Did they ever wear a cheerful countenance? Was their conversation interesting or pleasant to listen to? Did they ever look and act as though they ever had one cheerful moment or wanted any one else to have one? Don't let them crush your spirits out. Don't let them persuade you that no good—and only evil—can arise from dialogue acting; for it is not true—not one single bit of it, and they know the falsity of their words when they utter them.

It doesn't cost a great deal to buy or act a few dialogues, and many are so arranged as to require neither the adjuncts of scenery or costumes in order that they may be given in the schoolroom or the parlor.

As I have said, it is a cheap as well as a harmless amusement, and these harmless amusements are the need of the hour; they prevent the young from seeking entertainments of a more questionable character; they prevent many wasting their time in idling and loafing; they cause people to study, and fill them with a laudable ambition to excel in the parts they are to impersonate; they give culture to the mind and food to the intellect.

You may say there are two sides to the question, the good and evil effect they have on the community. I can only speak of the good, as I never knew any evil arise from dialogue acting.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Fighting the Indians.

THE diasters to our army out in the Indian country of late stirred the blood of a number of followers of mine to such an extent that I had no trouble to organize a company of scouts for the purpose of going out and bringing every Indian in the whole West in to wagons, securely packed, with "any side up with care" on the boxes.

We were peculiarly fitted for scouts; we always scouted everything that we didn't like, and our love for Indians was completely buried under our hatred of them as a disturbing class of American citizens.

We had meetings, and fitted ourselves further for the campaign by reading stories of border warfare, and in the evenings we went around the streets, and any wooden Indian we met in front of a tobacco-store we made war upon, and in the course of a few evenings we completely cleared the city of all straggling red-men. We learned this—that all you have to do is to knock an Indian over and then break him up into little pieces, so there is no possible chance of him ever coming together again.

There were fifty of us valiant scouts, and we took a solemn vow that if one thousand Indians, fully armed, would come and demand quarter or half-dollar of us we would never give it, no matter if they cast themselves at our feet, or we would cast ourselves at their feet.

We started for the seat of war fully armed—every man having four or five arms of various kinds, beside the arms he originally had, and legs.

We took no provisions along, depending upon taking all we wanted to eat from the Indian trains which we intended to capture.

Every man carried one hundred pounds of ammunition and as many rounds of applause in case of victory, besides a little of something in bottles to allure the Indians with, etc.

All Indians who crossed our path were to pay the toll of death, and be peculiarly fitted for the happy hunting-grounds: this was the written rule which all had sworn to, or to.

When we got into the Indian country we began to look for noble red-men with spectacles and goggles. We turned over logs and boards and rocks, and looked up trees and around stumps.

One of our most intelligent scouts did the looking-out for Indian trails, having often been on the trails of ladies on Broadway—frequently getting kicked off.

We went along yelling, and calling for Indians to come out and receive chastisement, but we failed to hear an answer.

The first day we marched so far that it took us all the next day to think back to where we had started from.

We couldn't find a lodge, not even an odd-fellow. We diligently inquired for the address of a lodge of red-men, but could hear of none; and besides, we had no directory.

We practiced daily shooting at each other behind trees, Indian fashion, and got so proficient in the business that one of our scouts was slightly wounded by a stray ball that glanced from a neighboring tree.

We had nearly concluded that the red-skins had had a postal-card announcing our coming, and had lit out in preference to lighting in, when one of our men struck a trail, without inquiring it, and we all set out with three cheers, a tiger and a few leopards.

The trail was quite large—several yards, and we advanced cautiously, like a crow, for fear we might discover the Indians. That seemed to be the only thing that troubled us.

We didn't care a cent about discovering them, but the fact that they might discover us was rather a philosophical puzzle, and we began to study it carefully, if not with dispatch.

We were afraid we might run over and across them without seeing them, and that would have been too bad.

We were dreadfully worried for fear we should come right upon them before they would have a chance to get on the defensive. We were humanitarians, all of us, and did not want to take any undue advantage of even them. Some thought so much over this that they wanted to turn back and hunt for any Indians that might happen to be on our track after us, and let those before us go.

The trail got fresher as we proceeded. Old trails would have answered better. We all belonged to the Antiquarian society, and ancient things suited us best—besides we were all away from home.

Every one was so eager to be first that everybody was in the rear, and had balls of twine to string scalps on.

As darkness set in, we thought we had gone far enough—if not too far—and so we encamped, and as everybody thought the other was worse scared than he and wouldn't sleep, all went to sleep.

We all woke up at once and found that each one was lassoed by the Indians. The nearest trees seemed to be the handiest.

We were all strung up and made to tell all we knew. They exacted a confession which would be without prevarication.

Every one made confession, holding to his scalp. Some men had actually paid debts, some had lived close to a neighbor for six months without quarreling; others actually didn't owe anything to anybody, some dropped a cent into the contribution plate every Sunday. Some didn't take any more than a glass of brandy at a time; very few of them ever had a fight in their lives. Very few of them ever shot anything in their lives—not even a gun, and some confessed that they had never told a lie in the world.

The Indians were surprised. They held a council of war. Was it right to kill such men when they were so poorly prepared to go to the unhappy hunting-grounds? They scouted the idea. Would we straight home if they would let us off, and try to lead different lives?

As everybody else, including myself, said yes, I also said yes, again. They gave us a good moral lecture and let us loose, and as everybody else, including me, started home, I concluded to come also, and I am now in the scalping business in the railroad ticket line; I pay more and get less for tickets than anybody else.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THE STRENGTH OF TRUTH.—The truth is stronger than a lie, and will always conquer in a fair fight. He who relies upon the truth need not worry about the result of the conflict. He has only to be true to the truth and to himself, and to go straightforward in his work, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, to follow any "barking dog," and time will surely bring his vindication. "All things come in time to them that know how to wait."

Topics of the Time.

—In less than one month the value of silver has fallen ten per cent. in Calcutta. Business is practically at a standstill, and a feeling of despondency is creeping over all India. The natives hail the prospect of a gold currency with intense delight, because gold is more easily obtained than silver, and gold coins would be more valued as ornaments for females and children.

—There has been a great deal written of the value of birds and toads, as insectivorous animals, but rarely has a word been volunteered in behalf of the skunk, the bat and the wasp family. It is only necessary to look at the excrement of the first to conclude that the American ant-eater is a prodigious destroyer of bugs and beetles. This usually regarded noxious quadruped rarely destroys poultry; and but for its offensive smell, is entirely harmless. I think it likely, therefore, that the destruction of these animals of late years, caused by the high price of their skins in foreign markets, has been a great evil. As to bats, they are the most industrious fly-catchers in the world.

—The two-ply ingrain known to the trade is a fabric composed of two webs, or piles of cloth made with different colored yarns—say one "ply" green, the other red—of equal consistence or texture, united at the edges or selvages of each by the selvage threads, and imagined or united at different parts of the cloth, wherever called for by the design or pattern. If the red "ply" represents the ground color of the design, then the green will be the figure color; and whenever the green figuring "ply" appears over the red ground "ply," that is ingraining. The more general this ingraining or mixing up of the two webs or "piles," the better the fabric is ingrained and the longer it will wear. The three-ply ingrain is made and ingrained after the same manner.

—A traveler stopped at Brussels in a post chaise, and being sharp et he was anxious to buy a piece of cherry pie before his vehicle should set out; but he was afraid to leave the public conveyance lest it might drive off and leave him. So calling a lad to him from the other side of the street he gave him a piece of money and requested him to go to a restaurant in the near vicinity and purchase a piece of pie, and then to make assurance doubly sure, he gave him another piece of money and told him to buy some for himself at the same time. The lad went off on a run, and in a little while came back, eating a piece of pie, and looking very complacent and happy. Walking up to the window of the chaise he said, with the most perfect assurance of the three children, "The gentleman has given him." "The restaurant had only one piece of pie left, and that I bought with my money that you gave me!"

—The lady who is at present known as Mrs. Wagner, is a daughter of the Abbe Liszt. She was married when quite young to Von Bulow, but eloped with his friend Wagner, taking her children with her. Von Bulow has never been heard of since, and when he gets moody he likens himself to King Lear. Mrs. Wagner resembles her mother, the celebrated Countess d'Agoult, not only in her treatment of her husband, but in mind and person. The Countess d'Agoult, known in literature as Daniel Stern, was born in 1805 at Frankfort, married Count d'Agoult. She ran away from her husband with Liszt for the sake of the sensation and scandal. They lived at Geneva and Venice for eight years, when she left one morning with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Mme. Liszt, the pianist's mother, was born in 1805 at Frankfort, married Count d'Agoult. She ran away from her husband with Liszt for the sake of the sensation and scandal. They lived at Geneva and Venice for eight years, when she left one morning with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Mme. Liszt, the pianist's mother, was born in 1805 at Frankfort, married Count d'Agoult. She ran away from her husband with Liszt for the sake of the sensation and scandal. They lived at Geneva and Venice for eight years, when she left one morning with Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

—There are many eminent chemists, Prof. Cooke among the number, who believe that, instead of there being sixty-four elements in the universe, there is but one. That this one universal element assumes more than sixty forms (according to the velocity with which the atom moves), these forms being distinguished by arrangement, or number, is not more wonderful than the changes which some of our so-called elementary bodies suffer in their allotrophic modifications. Sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon are, to a certain extent, protean; but they are distinguished by the allotropic race by isomorphous hydrocarbons. Dr. Wurs defines organic chemistry as the chemistry of the hydrogen compounds, for he believes that it is protean hydrogen, with its ever-changing atomic volume that makes organic chemistry so complex.

—Velocity of circular saws at periphery, 6,000 to 7,000 feet per minute. Rate of feed for circular saws, fifteen to sixty feet per minute. Velocity of band saws, 3,500 feet per minute. Velocity of charge of the three children, 150 strokes per minute. Velocity of scroll saws 600 to 800 strokes per minute. Velocity of planing machine cutters at periphery, 4,000 to 6,000 feet per minute. Travel of work under planing machine, one-twentieth of an inch for each cut. Travel of mangle machine cutters, 3,500 to 4,000 feet per minute. Travel of squaring up machine cutters, 7,000 to 8,000 feet per minute. Speed of wood carving drills, 5,000 revolutions per minute. Speed of machine augurs, one and one-half inches per minute, 900 revolutions per minute. Speed of machine augurs, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, 1,200 revolutions per minute. Gang saws require, for forty-five superficial feet of pine per hour, one horse power indicated. Circular saws, for seventy-five superficial feet of pine per hour, one horse power indicated. In oak or hard wood, three-fourths of the above quantities require one horse power indicated.

—The rose gardens of France are celebrated. Acres and acres of roses bloom in them for the perfume. Heliotrope, mignonette, and other floral plants are also found side by side with them in dense masses. The air is heavy with almost sickening fragrance, and for miles around the breezes bear the sweet tidings that they "have found o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom." But who has heard of an English lavender field? Few, certainly, in this country. Within thirty miles of London these lavender fields have become an extensive and recognized industry. There is annually produced, in England alone, sufficient oil from the plant to manufacture 30,000 gallons of spirits of lavender, besides a large quantity, the total of which is unknown, to be used in the production of other perfumes with more pretentious names. This plant is at the best when between three and seven years of age. The harvest time is the first week in August. The flowers are then cut and taken to the distillery, followed by an innumerable number of bees, which insects are especially fond of them. Here the essential oil is pressed out and is ready to be mixed with the proper ingredients to make lavender water.

The report of the Commissioner of the London Police for 1875, just published, shows that during the year upward of 10,000 houses were built in the metropolis, and thirty miles of new thoroughfares handed over to police protection. There was less burglary, less robbing, less theft in 1874. No less than 23,209 doors and windows were reported as having been found by the police unfastened at night. The number of violent assaults upon the police—none but violent assaults are reported—rose from 2,244 in 1874 to 2,633 in 1875, but is 1,000 less than in 1872. The number of cases of misconduct among the police force is large; there were 187 cases of compulsory resignation, and 177 dismissals. The scale of pay is good, the least earned by an ordinary constable being £14s. per week, and rising to no less than £7 13s. 11d., the week's pay of a superintendent in his eleventh service year. The vagrants have diminished fifty per cent. during the last seven years, and beggars have fallen off forty per cent. Drunkenness is the only vice the police cannot cope with, the arrest of intoxicated and disorderly persons having been much more numerous than in the preceding year.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "A Madman at the Wheel," "The Pause Between," "Going to Sleep," "A Man's Mistake," "Tailor or Artist," "Aunt Ruth's Test," "Miss Anstruther's King."

Declined: "A Memory," "Dolores," "Thoughts of Thee," "Malaria," "Another Hagar," "Vanished Dreams," "The Crocan Cup," "Alice Bradford," "The Wilted Rose," "Marry or Tarry," "Miss Holly's Escapade," "The Strange Lovers," "That One Sweet Night," "Stealing a Man," "How Julia Maneuvered," "Something Sweet to Recall."

W. A. Count the weeks yourself for the rest of the year.

F. B. Poems very defective in measure. Study the art of verse or rhythmic construction.

C. L. D. The same of your poem. We never return contributions at our own cost. No stamps.

Mrs. Ross E. Look over some of Mrs. Crowell's sketches. You'll find pretty names therein for your baby. We suggest Ethelyn.

T. J. We do not publish the novels named, nor anything in the "Claude Duval" category. You must go elsewhere for that one story.

ASHBURY. We have no "political" song book. There is a song book of the campaign—published, we believe, by W. A. Pond & Co.

JENNY. Send on your specimen skeletonized leaves. It is now the time to gather leaves.

Young ladies can show much taste in arranging these charming autumn bouquets.

EDDY TRAVELERS. The Moors are not negroes, but Arabs—of a bronze hue, clef-cut features and a fine type of intelligence. They swarmed out of Arabia, just after Mahomet died, (A. D. 632), and, conquering all of Northern Africa, crossed over into Spain, where they established a splendid caliphate.

C. O. D. The soap you speak of is simply a mixture of neat's-foot oil, one quart; ivory-black, one ounce; stearine, cut fine; and camellia oil, one tin box or wide-mouth bottle and use on a hairbrush about once in six weeks—rubbing it in thoroughly with the hand. Your weight, for height, is very fair.

C. J. H. H. We cannot make out your first question.—Your best course in regard to the patent is to consult Munn & Co., Patent Agents, New York city.—For circulars and other information, consult advertising columns of the *Rural New Yorker* or *American Agriculturist*.

Geo. K. P. A list of old coins would more than fill this entire column. It is impracticable. An excellent tooth-powder is charcoal, powdered very fine; or charcoal and orris; or myrrh and powdered cuttle-fish bone; or prepared chalk and camellia oil; or precipitated carbonate of lime, and quinine. All are excellent dentifrices, and any druggist will compound them.

BROWN DRESS. Young ladies usually find their best friends among the dress-makers. To slight their affection is evidence of blindness to both the present and the future. The friend you have slighted probably loves you none the less, but is hurt by your inattention. Better for the friend that you have a dozen of the touch-and-go associates, or the transient familiars of "society." Try to renew and restore the old-time friendship.

BOOK-KEEPER NO. THREE. It is "playing with fire" to encourage confidences which are for betroted lovers alone. No gentleman is warranted in permitting a confiding girl to become deeply "interested" in him, while he is a married man, make her his chosen one. Her lady friend is right in asking you "what are your intentions?" and, if you are so honorable as to answer, "I have none," immediately inform the young lady that you have no intention whatever of standing in the relation of lover or suitor for her hand.

SCRUBBERS. All hair-dyes are more or less injurious to hair and scalp, and ought not to be used at all. It is a silly vanity at best. If you will dye go to some barber who understands his business. A thin beard or mustache is thickened by shining closely for a few months, and baste lips and cheeks with a paste made of the ashes of a cigar mixed with bay rum—letting it remain on a short time only, after shaving. A weak solution of nitric acid will clean the gun-barrel.

OWEN E. A. Coal does not "grow" as you seem to think. The coal seams were once vast forests, in an era (Carboniferous) of vast vegetation, and all kinds of plants grew to an enormous size. These fell where they stood and as the soil settled and drifted over them this soil and silt became slate-rock or shale; and thus the immense mass of vegetable matter was imprisoned under immense pressure; and when the succeeding geologic age brought the "drift era" and covered the earth with a carbonized wood down deep under the soil; and under this tremendous pressure the carbon was pressed into crystal coal.

W. N. C. writes: "I promised my lover a pair of wristlets, and I want to make them myself, as I think he will think more of them. Some years ago I made a pair, but have forgotten the stitch. Can you tell me it? And what else could I make him for Christmas? He does not wear slippers, nor does he like ingrown, nor smoking-cap." Wristlets are knitted in a stocking, upon four knitting-needles. After getting the desired size, knit the wristlets, then knit two rib-stitches, and so on, alternately. The result will be ribbed work, that will shape nicely to the wrist. Finish, at top and bottom, with a fancy crocheted edge. You might make him a shawl-case, a handkerchief-case, a set of tidies, a foot-rest, a sofa or chair cushion, an Afghan, a carriage-robe, traveling-traps, umbrella, and a variety of other make neckties, etc. If you decide upon the gift we will gladly give directions for making it.

DISCONSOLATE BEN. Your letter is so very long and detailed that we cannot copy it into this column for want of space. Write rather at a loss how to advise you. If the coldness of the lady is really such a puzzle to you, why not force an explanation if you think your own affection cannot overcome it? The singular thing is that you stand now cannot continue, and since you assert so positively that there is no definite engagement between you, she may wish to end your visits entirely, and tries to attain this end by her cold, distant manner, and very stand-off of treat-you. Perhaps, if you are not very deeply in love you had better take the hint, and cease your attentions.

THAD. To your two queries: "Can you tell me the origin and exact meaning of the phrase, 'Passing the Rubicon'?" I can wear any colored gloves but white at a full-dress party, and I will answer: The origin of the phrase "Passing the Rubicon" is historical. The Roman Empire was separated from Gaul by a small river called the Rubicon. When the Roman Senate ordered Julius Caesar to disband the army he had in Gaul, he marched with his men to the Rubicon. Hesitating there, with a sudden realization of the consequences that would follow his act, he said to one of his Generals, "If I pass this river, misery falls upon my country. I do not, I am undone." Then crying, "The die is cast!" he led his army across the Rubicon. At a later time the expression became one signifying an irrevocable decision of action. White kid gloves are essential for a full-dress party. White kid gloves of buff or lavender are sometimes worn, but for full-dress white is more stylish and appropriate.

LUCY MAGRATH writes: "How can a young lady clean her own kid gloves?"—In one of your papers, some time ago, you gave some hints about decorations for rooms. Will you advise me as to what should be the prevailing color for fancy articles in a room where the furniture is oak and the carpet is red and black, and the shades are a fancy white? What is a toilet-table, and how are they made? To clean your kid gloves, buy of a druggist, or a trustworthy dealer in burning fluids, a pint of rose oil; it will cost about five cents. In a wash-bowl pour half a pint of clear rose oil. Throw in your gloves, and wash them just as you would a piece of muslin. Dip up and down a few times, squeezing out the oil each time. Hang in the open air an hour or two, and the odor of the oil will completely disappear. The same gloves may be washed in this way a dozen times. Kid boots and slippers may be cleaned in the same way. It will not hurt the soles to soak in the oil.—Make your fancy articles of a vivid shade of green, or green and gold combined. Picture cords, and shade tassels and cords, may be either of green or scarlet, but try to have all your scarlets and greens of exactly the same shade.—A toilet-table is a fancy table placed under a mirror, to hold cushions, combs, perfumery and such articles. It may be like a narrow upright closet, with shelves upon which to place skirts and dresses, and double doors in front, or the half of an oval board placed against the wall and supported by three legs, with shelves upon which to be so used. Or sometimes a common board may be fixed in its place drape all around, and to the floor, with curtains of green stuff (paper muslin, glazed side out, will do), covered with curtains of dotted suisse, edged with a ruffle. If the toilet-table is arranged with shelves, the curtains should be made to draw apart at the center. A piece of the green, the size of the top, is laid upon a sheet of two of wadding and quilted and tacked in place. Cover with muslin and around the edge finish with a ruffle and three bows of ribbon. The mirror may have a glass edge bordered with lace, and a bow at each corner.

Unans send questions on hand will appear next week.

STRUCK DUMB.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

A bird struck dumb while on the wing,
Its throat aburst with liquid song;
So full, in truth, it could not sing
Its fullness were the day year-long!

And yet it sat not down to cry—
It made no moan—it lived the same
Sweet life, nor wished that it might die;
It fed the weak, and led the lame.

It gathered mosses for the nest;
It braided carpets for the floor;
In everything it wrought its best,
And only mourned it did no more.

Struck dumb! its song forever gone!
The world knew not their loss that day;
Though, had they known, there scarce were
Could see their voices in other way!

Now, dumb to gain in the air,
It hears more clearly God's own voice;
And, as its heart beats out a prayer,
It thanks Him it can yet rejoice!

Great Adventurers.

CORTEZ,

The Conqueror of Mexico.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Hernando Cortez we have one of the most daring and adventurous men in all modern times, and one of the most unscrupulous soldiers of all that served, during the 16th century, to make the Spaniard both feared and hated.

This celebrated character was born of noble lineage, in Estremadura province, Spain, A. D. 1485. He was destined for the law, but proved so bad a student, and so reckless in his habits, that, at seventeen, his parents were content to see him enlisted in the public service. His wild life, however, kept him from active service until he was nineteen, when he sailed for Cuba, bent on adventure and gold. He dwelt in Hispaniola (St. Domingo) until 1511, when he joined Velasquez for conquering Cuba.

This great island was soon subdued. Velasquez being made governor, he sent out an expedition under Cordova which struck the coast of Mexico at Yucatan and Campeche, where a wonderful civilization excited both the admiration and the cupidity of the rapacious Spaniard. News of this discovery started out a second expedition under Grijalva, a nephew of Velasquez. This captain confirmed Cordova's reports and obtained numerous evidence of Mexican wealth and advancement, which he sent back to Cuba, by his lieutenant, Alvarado—afterward to become noted as Cortez's companion. Grijalva not returning, the governor ordered Cortez to command a new expedition, first to search and find the captain and then to proceed with the conquest of the "New Spain."

Cortez, who had led a questionable life for several years, was then living on a large estate near St. Jago, using natives for slaves, and growing rapidly wealthy by their unpaid labor, but the news from the west aroused in his soul that fierce ambition which soon was to lead him to a vicereignty of dazzling splendor. The plantation was abandoned and all his available wealth put into equipping vessels and men for the scheme of conquest which he had secretly formed. Such zeal, and apprehensions of his agent's designs, induced Velasquez to put spies at work, but Cortez frustrated the scheme of his removal by sailing from St. Jago Nov. 18th, 1518, to Macaca and thence around to Trinidad on the southern coast, where he perfected his armament and enlisted a number of the worst class of soldiers—men mad for gold and wildly dissipated. Sailing to Havana he was there met by orders for his arrest, which the commandant dare not enforce, so Cortez put to sea the next day, (Feb. 18th, 1519), in bold defiance of the governor's authority and wishes.

His "squadron" consisted of eleven small vessels, with a force of 110 marines, 553 soldiers and sixteen horses. The arms were 32 cross-bows, 13 arquebuses, (muskets,) swords for all and ten field-guns. Two hundred Indians and squaws were with the force to do his menial work. Every "gentleman" who could afford the subsistence had his slave.

With these absurdly small means the adventurer proposed to conquer nations whose valor and readiness to fight both Grijalva and Cordova had ascertained to their cost. But, like every other Spaniard going forth for conquest and plunder, he bore the banner of the Cross, on which he had inscribed: "Let us follow the Cross, and, under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer." It was that faith which carried them, through danger and suffering and appalling peril, to victory.

Landing at Cozumel he made a good impression by his assumed humanity and the zeal of the two excellent priests whom he carried along to Christianize the idolaters; and there obtained a Spaniard named Aguilar, who, having lived eight years among the Mexicans, was familiar with the coast language—a most valuable acquisition. Sailing north he had a fierce fight with the Indians at Tabasco. He finally overcame them and took as reprisal plentiful provisions and twenty women—among them an Aztec captive whom he named Donna Maria, (Mariana), a beautiful girl who quickly learned the Spanish language, under the good priests' instructions, and rendered Cortez, through her almost idolatrous love for him, inestimable services in his conquest of her own people.

The time of his arrival was auspicious. Montezuma, the mighty monarch of the Aztecs—the conquering race—had obtained power by his military genius and had nominally subjugated the once powerful Tlascalans; but, being secure on his throne, he lost his warlike spirit and became enervated with his pleasures. When Cortez landed and tarried at the island of Vera Cruz, the great monarch did not rise in his might and crush the invader, but was content to send ambassadors to warn the Spaniard away—at the same time presenting costly gifts to his most unwelcome visitors. The elegance of these, and the conclusive evidences of advanced, if barbaric, civilization, impelled Cortez to turn his face westward, for the seat of empire.

Fully aware of the desperate nature of the enterprise and to compel his men to enter upon it willingly he brought ashore everything of any use or value from ten of his eleven vessels, then dismantled and sunk them. The one retained he offered to all cravens and cowards who were afraid to follow his lead. None abandoned him and the conquest of a new empire was begun.

This was followed by a reorganization, by which he was made sole commandant and chief, thus abjuring Velasquez' authority and appealing direct to the Emperor Charles V.—in whose name he proposed to act. The single vessel was dispatched to Spain with the magnificent gifts which the Aztec monarch had sent, and others which the adventurer had wrested from the Totonacos, at Tabasco, and from the peo-

ple of Yucatan; and by brilliant promises of giving to the crown a wondrous New Spain, Cortez sought to obtain from Charles full confirmation of his proceedings and the vicereignty of the conquered realm.

This done, and a strong fortified post having been made at San Juan de Ulva (Vera Cruz) as a retreat in case of defeat, and as a rendezvous for adventurers whom he well knew would find their way thither to participate in his exploits and share in his fortunes, with four hundred men and a considerable body of the Totonacos, Cortez started for the interior August 16th, 1519.

He soon struck the country of the powerful and warlike Tlascalans, who, for generations, had warred with the Aztecs, and were then their still inveterate foes. Learning this Cortez prepared to enlist them in the attempt to reach the Aztec capital. But, they were wary and offensive, and though impressed with a strange fear of the Spaniard's artillery, and of their mounted men in armor—whom they regarded as veritable Centaurs—the Indians would not treat, and Cortez was forced to fight them, in four conflicts, in which he proved too much for the splendid race, whose weapons were almost powerless against the Spaniard's armor, while the terrible artillery swept the masses away in literal winnows. The Tlascalans then opened the way to their chief city, and Cortez was received with more than royal honors, as something more than man.

News of this extraordinary conquest of his old enemy was borne to Montezuma, and inspired in his breast superstitious fear. Instead of arraying all his power to crush the mere handful of adventurers his spirit seemed to quail before the mere shadows of their coming. Though surrounded by princes and warriors devoted to his person, he acted as if dismayed. Again he resorted to embassies and gifts to induce the Spaniards to turn back, but all to no purpose; Cortez represented that his emperor had commanded him to see the Aztec emperor in person at his capital, there to treat for alliances and friendly relations. With the beautiful Mariana for friend, adviser and interpreter, he could use all the arts of plotting, reason and command.

Compelled to permit the advance, Montezuma directed that Cortez should pass Cholula—the great City of the Plains—leaving the Tlascalans behind him. This the Spaniard resolved to do, and was soon quartered in a city whose extent and civilization amazed him. Ever alert for danger or treachery, and making Donna Maria (Mariana) useful as a spy and investigator, the Spanish leader unearthed a scheme for the destruction of every soul of his command. Then the vengeful nature of the man and his sublime courage were fully shown. Quietly concerting his schemes, he fell upon the Cholulans, and three thousand warriors were massacred in the "chastisement" which followed—a most awful warning to the emperor.

Cortez immediately started for the vale of Tenochtitlan, wherein reposed the cities of the lakes. Mounting the *Cordillera* beyond Cholula (now the plain of Puebla) the invaders gazed down, from a height of ten thousand feet above sea level, upon a sight of almost transcendent beauty and splendor. Lakes, cities, highly-cultivated fields, superb stone causeways, temples and villas, met their enraptured vision. It was as if Paradise had opened its gates.

As they marched down, again powerful embassies met them, making offers that would have dazzled any less resolute soul—of four loads of gold to the general, one to each of his captains and a yearly tribute to his sovereign if the Spaniards would return to the sea-coast. The very immensity of the offer, and the lavish display of wealth accompanying it, were the surest incentives to say no; and Cortez, still acting as if imbued with an amicable purpose, pursued his way down through the vale. The Lord of Tezcuco, a nephew of the emperor, with a large retinue of the nobles, by the emperor's command came out to escort the strangers to the Hall of the Montezumas.

A marvelous sight to both natives and foreigners was this. Tens of thousands of people lined the highways. Houseposts were covered; on the lakes numberless boats bore multitudes of excited spectators. The larger lakes Tezcuco (Tezcooco) and Chalco were separated by a noble stone causeway, five miles in length, leading into the capital city, which rose up, in almost Oriental splendor, out of the waters on the west, with stately temples and terraced houses and towns on the hills beyond. Over this causeway the cavalcade marched. At its end was a large draw-bridge, that fell into place at the escort's approach, but opened again when the cortege had passed, and Cortez and all his followers realized that they were indeed dependent on their own arms and courage for safety.

Montezuma in person now came forward to meet and give a forced welcome to the invincible invader. His demeanor was dignified, and Cortez accepted the extended hospitality by marching to the quarters assigned—a square, walled structure, on whose battlements he planted his cannon to command the great streets converging on the place—just the stronghold he required. His sentinels guarded the gates, and exceeding vigilance was the order for day and night.

It was indeed a New World into which he had penetrated. Wandering over the city he was astounded at its magnificence and the very remarkable civilization that uprose before him—a civilization wholly unlike anything in the world elsewhere, yet strangely matured and well marked, in houses, furniture, dress, modes of living, markets, money, picture writing, organization in government, army and religion, and in speech at once sweet and strong. The king's palace was truly such; it was as if the Sultan of Turkey, or the Shah of Persia, had suddenly taken a peculiar departure from old world's forms and types to adopt a fuller development of autocratic power, luxurious existence, and a religion as novel as it was barbaric.

To pause here to define or describe what Cortez found and saw would far exceed the allotted limits of this paper. We may sometime, hereafter, revert to the matter again, but now it must suffice to state that the Spaniard, hour by hour, perfected himself for the rashly daring scheme of seizing all that royalty, wealth and power for his own. He studied the people, the city, its canals, streets, and numerous bridges, the government and royal buildings, the great teocalli, or pyramid, on whose summit were the reeking altars of daily human sacrifice, the resources of war, and everything that must count in the struggle to come; and did not hesitate to act when the provocation offered, as it soon did.

Under a pretext of being responsible for the murder of four Spaniards of the garrison left at Vera Cruz, Montezuma was seized in his palace, and before his court was aware, was borne to the Spanish citadel—a veritable prisoner.

An act so audacious and irreverent of course incensed the people, but it was only a preliminary of what was to follow. From his still sumptuous but confined quarters Montezuma issued orders that committed the state to the

Castilian crown; tribute and treasure were to be turned over to the Spaniard; and finally an order went forth to prohibit human sacrifice on the teocalli, whereon an altar to the Virgin was to be erected and the celebration of mass to be made!

This last act so infuriated all classes of people that it precipitated a contest which less religious zeal might have averted, and Cortez soon was involved in an awful struggle for existence.

Though reinforced by six hundred men whom Velasquez had sent to Vera Cruz to arrest the offending Cortez, only to have Cortez win them, after a sharp conflict, over to his cause, the situation was fearfully trying and perilous. With this new and fine body of men he had to cut his way back to his garrison in the citadel and then to be besieged there by a swarming host who hourly grew more implacably his foes.

The events of that struggle form one of the most exciting chapters in modern history—reading, indeed, like a wild romance. Montezuma appearing on the ramparts of his prison, to order his people to raise the siege, which they had finally instituted, was shot by their arrows and mortally wounded. The Spaniards, driven to desperation, having seen a number of their comrades taken pri- oners in their sallies, immolated on the bloody altar of the teocalli, cut their way from the city in an awful night of slaughter along the great causeway, (July 1st, 1520.) It was a carnival of blood and demoniac passion, of which the Spaniards and their Tlascalan allies came terribly decimated. They retired to the country to their allies to await reinforcements, now expected from Cuba and Spain, and to concert new measures for renewing the conquest. These measures were to *antagonize* other tribes against the Aztecs; and Guatemozin, Montezuma's heroic successor, found himself ere long driven into his royal city under a siege which ended (August 14th, 1521) not only in his capture and the fall of the royal family, but in the nearly total destruction of that majestic city.

With his fall the reign of the Aztec princes passed away forever, and Cortez, having been confirmed in his vice-royal powers by Charles V, began a rule by which most noble native were reduced to a servitude that ended in their early annihilation, and the red races became, in a few years, but the wretched servants of masters of relentless avarice and severity. Their descendants are the peons of to-day, only these peons are so crossed in blood with the invaders, and with the Indians of the North, that but few of the pure Aztec or Tlascalan type now exist. And of their ancient and particular civilization scarcely a remnant remains. Spanish rapacity and mistaken zeal in one generation obliterated cities, temples and landmarks of the ancient race, as if their very sight was hateful.

Cortez' ambition to found an empire all his own compelled Charles V to send commissioners to Mexico. By these his career was temporarily arrested and he was ordered to Spain. After a hearing at court he returned to Mexico, but no longer with civil powers. He held military command and prosecuted discoveries in the North—adding California to the vicereignty, but his unbounded spirit chafed under its restraints, and he returned once more to Spain for redress. The emperor, however, received him coldly, and he died, in neglect and solitude, near Seville, at the close of the year 1554.

Brave Barbara:

FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

PUT TO THE TEST.

It was three days before Barbara came down out of her room, to which she had gone after dismissing Delorme. In that time no one had gained access to her except the maid who brought and took away her almost untasted meals. In vain aunt Margaret had coaxed and threatened and rattled at her door.

"Let me alone. I will not see any one," was the constant reply. When she did come down on the evening of the third day to supper, she came down dressed like a queen, and wearing her haughtiest, most impenetrable air. Her cheeks were roses; her great dark eyes were fire. Herman quailed and wished himself out of the room when her glance fell on him.

Of course Delorme had left Bellevue long before. No one dared to mention his name in her presence; not for some days, when her father sought a private interview with her for the purpose of explaining certain circumstances. She refused to listen to anything on the subject, peremptorily demanding that a certain name should never be spoken to her.

On her parent's insisting she put her fingers in her ears and left the room.

"She is a headstrong piece," said the old gentleman to aunt Margaret, with a sigh; "we must give her time, I suppose."

Time! Barbara would have scorned the thought that time could ever extinguish the fire that burned in her breast.

After a day or two she assumed an air of extravagant gaiety. She played nothing but the merriest waltzes, sung nothing but the happiest songs. She would have filled the great house with company again, to show the world how lightly she held her mistake in her first choice—and her discovery of it in time—only that she had taken a fancy to hasten their autumn flitting to their home in the city.

It had been her habit to linger at Bellevue up to December, declaring it to be the fairest spot in the world until after the Indian-summer. Now, she was eager to get to town.

She led Herman a hard life, making him her slave and the victim of her whims and caprices. He was very patient—quite too patient to suit her, who told him more than once that she despised him for his servility—his want of manly spirit in submitting to her exactions. But he was satisfied. He remembered the proverb, "to make haste slowly."

"She will bow her haughty neck to the yoke at last," thought crafty Herman. "All this inward rage, this outward gaiety is in my favor. By and by, when she is tired and the stormy tides at their lowest ebb, will be my time to venture."

Aunt Margaret consulted Peter about the child having the whole charge of the city house, and doing as she pleased in it.

"I fear she will be rash. She needs an older companion. She is in just the mood to do outrageous things. It will be a great sacrifice for me to dwell in your noisy city; but I shall do it, if you will allow me, Peter. Since the child has no mother, she must make shift to do with an aunt. I'll go down to-morrow with the housekeeper and open the house."

There is nothing so develops the peculiar energy of an ancient maiden lady as to have a young girl's affairs to look after; and Miss Harlenberg displayed an extra amount of it in closing up the country-place and getting the city house in order. In a brief period the family were settled in its fine brown-stone mansion on West 3—th street, near Fifth avenue. But Barbara was more restless here than when she had the range of the woods and hills. The very spirit of disquiet had possession of her. Every evening she must attend theater or opera; every day she must shop, drive, ride—do anything, apparently, but *think*. And all the time she affected the most sparkling moods. You would have thought her restless from a beautiful young girl's gay anticipations of pleasure, instead of from a driving, sleepless misery.

Half a dozen times every day her aunt or her father would make the attempt to introduce the forbidden subject; but no, she would have none of it! Burning to know—despite her indignation, her scorn, her desperate anger—where Delorme had gone, or if she was likely to meet him at any of the places where she went, she yet would not ask a question, nor permit information to be given. The world to her, since that fatal evening of their parting, was as vacant of him as if he no longer existed.

Shrewd aunt Margaret often thought that this haste to get to town and this constant frequenting of places of public amusement, was in a secret wish to meet her discarded lover.

"This will be my first winter in society as a young lady, papa, and you must give me a coming-out party before Christmas," she said, soon after they were settled in New York. "I'm afraid too many of your friends will remember your betrothal-party, Barbara. What a coming-out party after that! We must be careful and not make ourselves ridiculous, you know."

Barbara bit her lips, blushing scarlet. "You are right, papa; but we will have a grand affair of some kind, and have it soon."

"Just as you like, my daughter."

The proud girl was anxious that the world should see she was not wearing weeds on account of what had happened.

Meantime came some lovely Indian summer weather, during which, every afternoon, Barbara rode in the Park, followed by Andrew, the groom, long a faithful servant of the family.

She never invited Herman to accompany her.

Indeed, it was because she longed to be alone, that she rode so much; alone, and yet in a crowd, to keep her from thinking of herself. Her horse was one of the most beautiful animals in the Park as fast as he was obedient to the command of his mistress. Laungers, and young men who had nothing better to do, got to waiting and watching for the fair rider; and indeed Barbara on her black steed was a sight worth seeing.

The same fiery pride flashed from the eyes of horse and rider—both seemed to exalt in their own beauty and spirit.

In her riding-habit, Barbara looked better than in her diamonds and silks. Her slender, supple figure showed to the best advantage; her thick, purple-black hair was worn in a magnificent braid down her back; the exercise brought to her cheeks the rich yet delicate color of oleander blossoms; while those wonderful eyes flashed lightning at the spectator as she galloped by.

One afternoon, cantering at a more subdued rate through one of the most secluded of the bridal-paths, Barbara caught sight of some one she knew—Herman, sitting with a lady, on a bench under a tree, evidently lost in close conversation. At first she was surprised, for she did not know the lady, and there was something confidential in their air; but it occurred to her quickly who the lady must be, and she reined up her horse and looked sharply at the stranger, not ten paces from her.

"That woman!" was her silent comment, while her breath came hard and her eyes shot fire. "Great heaven! is it possible?"

For Mrs. Courtenay was not looking her best that afternoon, in the broad light of the western sun. It was one of the days when she appeared her full age; possibly, even older. A slight indisposition had made her haggard, through patient and powder.

No one would have said she was less than thirty-six or seven. Her *petite* figure, which might once have been pretty, was scrawny, despite of padding; her manners and complexion were artificial; her reddish-hazel eyes had a bold expression; her dress was handsome, and so was her abundant auburn hair. All her other charms refused to stand the test of time and dawned sunlight. She was the wreck of what once might have been a pretty coquette.

Barbara's eyes were glued to this lady—the deserted wife of the man whose betrothal-ring—a wonderful opal—she had once worn. Oh, how her hand burned when she thought of it!

After a few seconds, her cousin, turning his head, perceived her, and so deep and guilty a flush rushed over his fair Saxon face, that, for the first time, there came to her mind a suspicion of—she knew not what exactly—but of some complicity between these two which argued some deception toward herself.

The lady, noting the change in her companion's expression, turned, and Barbara met the full gaze of those bold eyes into whose reddish-hazel there came a green ray as she stared at the beautiful girl.

Then abruptly rising and saying good-day to Herman, she began to walk rapidly away, while Herman came reluctantly toward his cousin.

At that instant arose a loud outcry in that part of the Park—screams of women and children, shouts of policemen, and cries of warning and terror. Herman stopped stock-still, then leaped back behind the bench on which he had been sitting. Barbara glanced about her in consternation, while the lady who had left Herman's side and was now a little distance away, stood still, threw up her hands and gave shriek after shriek.

No wonder that she uttered those screams of fear. A huge Texan steed, with nostrils breathing steam and eyes streaming angry fire, and huge horns lowered, was galloping madly hither and thither, finally determining to make a ferocious onslaught on the frightened lady who stood nearest in his path.

"Throw yourself on the ground and lie still," shouted an officer to her, from the distance; but Mrs. Courtenay either dared not follow this advice or was too paralyzed with terror to hear the directions given her.

Blood was streaming from more than one wound in the huge bulk of the infuriated animal, given by the revolvers of the policemen, who, unfortunately, were restricted in their attempts to kill him by the danger of shooting the people.

For a single second it hung in the balance, the doubt in the creature's mind whether to attack the horse which Barbara rode, or the single human figure confronting him.

He turned on the helpless lady. Barbara knew that in a minute more that shrinking but paralyzed form would be tossed and trodden

into a shapeless mass. That woman was her enemy. The bold, bad eyes of that woman had stricken her young heart with a chill of mortal aversion. But she did not hesitate—not for the fraction of a second did she hesitate to risk her own young life in the attempt to save another.

"Go!" she cried, sharply, with a quick, stinging cut of the whip to her fiery horse; and, with the reins grasped shortly in her little hands with a clasp of steel, she rode straight between the lady and the rushing monster, and wheeled her animal about, facing what looked like certain death.

She heard her faithful groom calling after her; a great cry went up from the lips of an hundred spectators; she felt her horse shiver under her and thrill with rage or fear, she knew not which. As for herself, a sudden, wonderful calm came over her. She held herself as firmly as possible in the saddle to meet the coming shock—gave one half glance at God's beautiful blue heaven—drew her breath in hard—and spurred her quivering animal to meet the onset of the giant brute.

One strange, wild, miserable and yet soul-thrilling thought flitted through her brain—

"I am going to die to save Delorme's wife!"

And then, she felt herself flying from her saddle, a fierce pain shot through her head and side, and all was dark.

And then—a blank.

CHAPTER X.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

The Countess of Dunleath was by no means pleased to see the gentleman who had just walked into her presence in the fading rose-gardens of Dunleath Castle.

"I thought you were in America, Delorme."

"So I was, most noble aunt, until ten days ago. I had thought to remain there some time longer; but events have occurred which drove me away unexpectedly. I landed in Liverpool yesterday, and came directly here. I know, too well, that it is a matter of indifference to you whether I am dead or alive, my aunt and countess; but I cannot entirely forget that you are my blood relations, and I longed to see my cousin once more. How is he?—better, I hope."

A singular expression passed over the haughty face of the lady at the kindly, seemingly sincere words of her nephew, whose voice had trembled with feeling in making his inquiries about his cousin Herbert. It was an expression of doubt, contempt, dislike, but veiled in a look of cold politeness. Before she answered him, she signified to Lady Alice—who had moved a little apart, and was shyly observing the stranger with the startled and pleased expression of one who has received a revelation and a sweet surprise—to return without them into the house.

"You are mistaken, Delorme. It is far from a matter of indifference to us whether you are dead or alive, as you say," she said, when Alice had glided out of hearing; and there was the same ambiguous meaning in her tones as in her face. "Herbert is no worse, I am happy to inform you. Indeed, I may say, he is decidedly improved; so much so, that I begin to cherish hopes that a portion of the pleasures and hopes of other men may yet be in store for him. This autumn he is particularly happy. You observed the young lady with me when you arrived?"

"I noticed a fair, sweet child's face—"

"Not a child's face, Delorme. Lady Alice Ross is sixteen, and the betrothed wife of my son Herbert—or, if not yet fully betrothed, the matter has been discussed, and particulars are about to be arranged between the parents—myself and Lord Ross."

As she made this announcement—not so wholly true as it should have been coming from the lips of so noble a lady—the countess shot a glance of triumph at him who would be the successor to the title and estates of the Earl of Dunleath should her son die without children to inherit. She evidently expected her visitor to betray signs of chagrin. Such was not the case. The sad, somber, weary face of Delorme lighted up with a gleam of evident pleasure.

"Aunt, I congratulate you and Herbert with all my heart. May I not see my cousin immediately and tell him, myself, how glad I am of the good news? I am come to stay at Dunleath a few days or weeks, if convenient to you to have me do so."

"Oh, most convenient, Delorme, certainly. Only, I fear you will find it insufferably dull. We have not a visitor at the castle with the exception of Lord Ross and his daughter. You will find it very stupid here. But, come! Sims will show you the suites of rooms and you can take your choice—they are all empty, with two exceptions. And you will hardly have time to dress for dinner."

"Thank you aunt, you are very kind. I shall like it far better for being quiet here. I am a little ill—at least—I think; and solitude best suits my mood"—and as the guest followed behind the noble lady, the shadow which had moved a little from his naturally sunny face settled back again darker than before.

He walked by her side, listlessly, scarcely throwing a glance at the magnificent grounds lying under the soft glow of a sunset sky. More than once he sighed, forgetful that his sighs would be heard by other ears. But the countess was herself too absorbed in the unpleasant prospect of her nephew's visit, to notice his manner particularly. At this time nothing could have been more *mal a propos* than his arrival—no living human being more unwelcome at the castle. She was already turning over in her mind half-formed plans for getting rid of her very soon—in a day or two—inventing business in London which she would ask him, as a favor, to take charge of.

As they came up on the broad stone terrace which lay under the south windows of a portion of the great building, she turned and laid a matronly finger lightly on his arm:

"If you see Herbert to-night, Delorme, do not speak to him about Lady Alice. So long as affairs are in process of negotiation, it might agitate him—and it is part of our duty, you know, to avoid all subjects disturbing to his nerves. A sleepless night might be the consequence. I will see him, after dinner, and myself inform him of your arrival. He seldom dines out of his own room. And, Delorme," added the countess, with an attempt to affect playfulness, "please do not go falling in love with our little Alice yourself."

"I shall never fall in love with any woman, aunt—I am beyond that folly," answered Delorme, so quickly, bitterly and decidedly, that she at last turned to observe him more earnestly, and noted the moody look of his handsome face.

The dressing-bell rung as they crossed the terrace. When the final summons to dinner came Delorme went slowly down the great staircase to find his aunt awaiting him at the foot. The countess was always very careful in matters of the toilet, and her dress was as magnificent as if she expected a troop of guests instead of the three who would make up the single quartette, with their hostess, at the sumptuous dinner. Her velvet dress swept far behind her, and flawless diamonds sparkled on neck and

hands and bosom, and in the thick, soft hair, snow-white, not so much from years as trouble. Delorme Dunleath could not but be impressed with a sense of his aunt's regality, as he came down to her side and offered her his arm.

"Let us walk up and down a moment," she said, "the others are out looking at the rising of the full moon, and will not interrupt us for the next two or three minutes."

She paced up and down the stoned mosaic of the marble floor, on the young man's arm, hesitating in what words to put her request. Finally she said:

"I forgot, in speaking of Lady Alice, to warn you against mentioning in her presence the particular nature of Herbert's trouble. He is very sensitive about it, and resents all allusion to it."

"I will be very careful, my dear aunt, I assure you. I inferred, from what you said about his improving health, that my cousin had outgrown the most painful form of his malady."

"So he nearly has, Delorme. It is only occasionally, when there is some particular exciting cause, that he has these dreadful attacks—dreadful to me, his mother, of course; though perhaps not so alarming to others."

"Is there no fear that, if Herbert marries, his children may—"

"Be similarly afflicted," finished the countess, for him, coldly. "Not at all. I have consulted the best physicians. It may disappoint you, Delorme, to hear it, but Herbert shall marry and have a son, and his child shall be worthy to inherit the name of Dunleath"—her bosom heaved, her eye flashed; her true feelings had broken from all restraint for a moment.

A bright blush overspread the pale face of Delorme. If his aunt had not already taken her jeweled fingers from his arm he would have thrown them off. He drew away from her, asking hotly:

"Is this a way you take to compel me to leave your roof, most noble countess? It will not disappoint me to have Herbert live, get well, be happy, have an heir. I have all that I want—more than I need. I am incapable of envy, or of the base calculation which would make me build up my chances on the death of my cousin. Why will you always misunderstand and underrate me?"

"Do not take my poor jest so seriously, Delorme. I beg your pardon, if I hurt your always sensitive sensibilities. It is so natural that you should build on Herbert's ill-health; and equally natural, that I, his mother, should be suspicious of you, unjust to you, jealous of one so much more favored in some respects than my own son. There! forgive me!"

"With all my heart," answered Delorme, in a low voice, for Lord Ross and his daughter just then entered the great hall from the library, and joined them. Suitable introductions took place, and the four moved on into the lofty and spacious dining-room, in which so small a company seemed lost.

"We have kept the soup waiting for the mere trifle of seeing the harvest moon rise over the distant sea and nearer fields," remarked Lord Ross, a cool, polished, selfish gentleman of fifty-five, to whom Delorme took an instantaneous dislike—a man that could be cool and tyrannical at will; though, on this occasion, he was in high spirits, for fortune was promising to smile upon him for the first time in years: the small hand of his little daughter was about to place in his own the golden horn of plenty.

"I know Lady Alice is romantic," replied the countess, with an approving smile. "Her father finds no fault with that, I presume."

"Oh, no, indeed! No, indeed! Girls will be girls. The moon was made for them, I have no doubt! The moon, and roses, and such pretty things, belong to them of right. Don't you think so, Mr. Dunleath?" and Lord Ross, as he asked this light question, looked scornfully enough at the man of whom he had heard, and who might yet catch the prize for which he was bound that his daughter should strive.

Delorme, quite conscious of the sharp scrutiny to which he was subjected, made some courteous reply, and they sat down to table. During the hour which followed he observed, with as much interest as was possible to him in the present state of his mind, the young lady who was to run the heavy—tho, to him, awful—risk of uniting her life with his cousin's. Ah! what a mere child she was! Poor, thoughtless, ignorant little creature! She could not dream of what she was doing. And how pretty, how very, very pretty she was! But, probably, like the rest of them, she was a creature without a heart; and if they gave her baubles enough to play with she would be satisfied.

So his thoughts ran on, as eating little and talking less, he allowed the elder couple to do the entertaining, only making two or three commonplace remarks to Lady Alice during the whole long ceremony of dinner.

Lady Alice was, as he thought her, very, very pretty that evening. Her conversation with the countess had given an excited expression to her sweet countenance, which made it less childlike than usual. Something of dread and wonder looked out from under the long lashes—a startled look, as of one in a strange place, who first begins to perceive that he is lost.

Very childish, indeed, in her white dress, with her hair rippling over her shoulders and curling in rings about her temples, there was yet a growing expression of a most earnest and womanly soul coming into the lovely face, which, to-night, was often troubled. Once, Delorme, happening to glance toward her, suddenly surprised the tears in her eyes. This set him to thinking.

Was it possible those two older, colder, more worldly natures were bringing to bear the deadly pressure of their authority on this young and yielding one? Had an impoverished nobleman brought his sole remaining treasure—his lovely daughter—to barter her for some of the wealth of the Dunleaths? Perhaps Lady Alice was troubled and fearful only because poor Herbert was obliged to keep his apartment—could not join in the pleasures of society as others could. She might love him dearly, and all her sad, wistful expression might be on his account. Delorme, a man of the world, who never went blindfold through it, thought of both possibilities. He hoped this strange match was a love-match. But he resolved to watch. Already, to his keen perceptions, that young slip of a girl stood on the barren edge of a desert future. Those who should have guided and guarded her, for her own sake, were misleading her for their selfish purposes. As Delorme remembered his cousin, he was no man for a delicate, sensitive girl to marry. Those terrible outbursts of temper, those fits of sullenness, those constant peevish complaints, to say nothing of that last, worst, most frightful affliction, made Herbert—Earl of Dunleath though he might be—no person to take to himself a wife. But, perhaps Herbert, as his mother had avowed, had much improved. Delorme would suspend judgment until he saw his cousin: meantime, he cast at little Lady Alice a long look of interest and compassion, which she caught by chance, and casting down her sweet, troubled eyes, blushed and trembled with a new feeling which no look in the eyes of Herbert had ever given her.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a cove of the cliff between lowland and highland. At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee. Walled round with rocks as an inland island, The ghost of a garden fronts the sea. A girdle of brushwood and thorn incloses The steep square slope of the blossomed bed, Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken, To the low last edge of the long lone land. If a step should sound or a word be spoken, Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand? So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless, Through branches and briers if a man make way, He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled That crawls by a track none turn to climb To the strait waste place that the years have ridged. Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time. The thorns he spares when the rose is taken; The rocks are left when he wastes the plain. The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken, These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not; As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry; From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not. Could she call, there were never a rose to reply. Over the meadows that blossom and wither Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song; Only the sun and the rain come hither All year long.

The sun burns sore and the rain disobeys One gaunt, bleak blossom of scentless breath. Only the wind here hovers and revels In a round where life seems barren as death. Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping. Happily, of lovers none ever will know. Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither!" Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea." For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither. And men that love lightly may die—but we? And the same wind sung and the same waves whitened. And forever the garden's last petals were shed, In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened. Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither? And were one to the end—but what end who knows? Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither. As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose, Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them? What love was ever as deep as a grave? They are loveless now as the grass above them On the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers, Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea. Not a breath of the time that has been hovers In the air now soft with a summer to be. Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter. Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep. When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever; Here change may come not till all change end. From the graves they have made they shall rise up never. Who have left naught living to ravage and rend. Earth, stones and thorns of the wild ground grow. While the sun and the rain live, these shall be; Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble, Till terrace and meadow the dead gulfs drink, Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble. The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink, Here now in his triumph where all things faded, Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread, As a god self-slain on his own strange altar, Death lies dead.

The Reason Why.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MR. CHARLEY ROSS promenaded up and down the pretty little sitting-room with his hands in his pockets after the manner of men, emphasizing his remarks by an occasional step in front of his wife:

"You see, Julie, times are hard now, awful hard, and a fellow has to economize, to get on at all."

"But we go every summer! The children need the change, I am sure!" said pretty little Mrs. Julie, with a scarcely perceptible pout on her lovely mouth.

"Oh, yes, certainly! You must have the change, it's only the place I object to."

"But, Charley, Cape May is not the fashionable resort now. It is real quiet there."

"Any of these watering places are fashionable and expensive enough, Julie, and I can't afford it. But if you'll let me hunt up some quiet farm house in the country now—"

"And be packed up in some little, hot upstairs room with a sloping ceiling, and a kerosene lamp, and afraid to light even that with the windows up, for fear of bringing in all the bugs in the universe! I've tried that before, to please you, Charley!" Mrs. Julie's pout was very perceptible now, and her bright eyes flashed, while the little pendants on her earrings twinkled spitefully.

"Well, then, go over to Haddonfield," said Charley.

"It's as dry as a chip over there! I want to go where I can see the ocean," pleaded Julie.

"Oh, well, we have to do as we can, not as we like, sometimes," observed Charley.

"Last summer you promised to take a cottage at Cape May this season, and that would be so nice," said Julie.

"Ahem! well—yes—I believe I did. But then, you see, I didn't know how awful hard times were going to get, Julie. We just can't afford luxuries this summer."

In her heart Julie did not believe that Charley denied himself many of the little luxuries he had been wont to indulge in, but, like a wise little woman she did not say so. She only said:

"But we must go somewhere!"

"Of course. I'll hunt you up some quiet spot in a few days, where you'll do nicely," said Mr. Charley, as he put on his hat and went out.

While poor Julie, who had been through an experience or two of Charley's "quiet places", thought regretfully of the pretty, fresh greenhouses and orchards ready for the summer's wear, and utterly useless in such resorts. Her disappointment was greater than she could bear, and so poor Julie broke down into a good cry.

In which she was interrupted by her friend, Grace Gardner, who came in with a breezy flutter of summer garments, and of course had to know what Julie's grievance could be.

"Can't afford it," she repeated Mrs. Grace, coolly. "Well, Julie, I expect you will have to give your good husband a lesson such as I gave mine one time."

"What was it?" questioned Julie.

"Oh, never mind now, I'll tell you some

time. Why, Julie! don't he know that what he spends for cigars and a glass of beer or wine and lunches now and then, in a single week, would board you and the children a week at Cape May?"

"I know it, if he don't!" sobbed Julie.

"So do I know it. But come, Julie; this isn't what I came for. My phonon and ponies are at the door; put on your things and we'll have a ride out to Grandison Place."

"Oh, that will be delightful," cried Julie, rising hastily to get ready. "I'll take little Nelly, she needs the ride and the fresh air, and leave Mamie and Robbie with Jane."

"We will have dinner out there, so you may give orders accordingly," said Grace.

"That happens nicely, for Charley said business would keep him, and he would not be home to dinner," said Julie.

"Business! Yes, to be sure!" said Mrs. Grace, demurely. And she said nothing more on that subject.

Grandison Place was a popular summer resort some three or four miles from the city, where pleasure parties frequently spent the day. Julie had heard that it was quite noted for gentlemen's wine and card parties, but ladies also went there every day, so she took her seat by Grace with the prospect of an enjoyable day before her.

"Is parlor No. 3 engaged?" asked Mrs. Gardner, as she gave her orders to the waiter after a delightful ride.

"Yes, madam. Gemman's party in No. 3, but de nex' parlor open, madam," answered the darkey, with a polite bow.

"Very well, show us there, then," said Mrs. Grace. "Now, Julie, we'll rest a bit, then we'll have a little stroll in the grounds, and then we'll have our dinner."

Which they accordingly did, enjoying both the shady ramble and the dainty little dinner. Every once in a while the sound of laughter and gay voices from the gentlemen's parlor reached their ears, and it seemed to Julie that some of the tones were familiar, and Mrs. Grace smiled a queer little smile whenever she heard them, but said not a word.

After dinner Grace proposed another little ramble, and they walked through the wide hall past the room where the clatter of glass and silver now rung merrily with the gay voices within.

Just as they reached the front door, Mrs. Grace suddenly paused.

"Oh, Julie, I've left my fan in the parlor! Come back one moment till I find it."

They retraced their steps hastily, and Grace put out her hand to open the door so quickly that Julie did not notice it was the wrong door, but followed Grace into the room to see—what?

A gay party of gentlemen, nearly all of whom she knew, and her Charley in the host's chair, with Harry Gardner seated at his right hand!

"Oh! I beg pardon!" cried Mrs. Grace, delectful little minx with a pretense of sweet confusion; "I've made a mistake in the room! Our parlor is the next one, Julie! Pray pardon us, gentlemen!"

And before any of the astonished party could utter a word, the ladies were gone and the door was closed.

"Oh! Grace, you did that on purpose!" cried Julie, as they entered their own apartment, where Grace sunk, laughing gleefully, upon a sofa.

"Of course I did!" she cried. "I thought you might just as well know the reason Charley can't afford you a trip to Cape May. Now you see what he can afford, don't you?"

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"Oh, my Harry knows I understand his capers; he has had his lesson, and so he was honest enough to tell me this morning that Mr. Ross entertained a party out here to-day, and he was invited, and that's the important business," which kept him from coming home to dinner, Julie! So when I came in, intending to go on a shopping expedition, and found you crying, I just thought we would be at Mr. Ross' party, too! Julie, I tell you solemnly that what Charley spends out here to-day would cover the whole cost of your trip to Cape May, or very near it, anyhow!"

"Grace, I'll tell you something else—I shall go to Cape May, too!"

"To be sure you will!" echoed Grace. "I knew Charley only needed a lesson. He won't say he 'can't afford it,' if you ask him again, I'll warrant! Now, Julie, we'll go back to the city and go shopping!"

Julie was home in good time for supper, stopping on her way to order a couple of quarts of fresh strawberries, Charley's favorite fruit.

She changed her walking dress for a cool muslin, and ran down stairs just as Charley came in, with a face wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, Charley!" she cried, gayly, "I've had the nicest day! Grace Gardner took me out to Grandison Place, and then we came back and went shopping, and we've had a splendid time!"

"Yes—ah—a—I'm glad of it!" stammered Charley, confusedly.

"Come down to supper right away," said Mrs. Julie, sweetly, pretending not to notice his confusion. "It's all ready, and oh, Charley, I have the nicest here!"

Charley followed her down to the dining-room, and Julie poured his cup of fragrant tea, pushed his favorite cream biscuits close to his plate, and dished out the luxuriant scarlet berries with the sweetest, most innocent face you ever saw on a pretty little woman who had just caught some unwary masculine in one of her little feminine traps.

"I saw you out there, to-day," she said, demurely. "I suppose Mr. Gardner took you out, didn't he?"

"I—ah—yes, we went out with some of the fellows," replied Charley, turning as red as his saucer of strawberries.

"I'm glad! It's so nice to have a day of recreation from business cares, now and then."

"Yes," meekly observed Mr. Ross.

"Our friends are very kind, I'm sure," pursued Julie. "We couldn't afford luxuries these awful hard times, but for them!"

"Yes—ah—a—very kind—yes," returned Charley. "And by the way, Julie, I've been thinking about that Cape May question, and I guess—if you want it—we'll go down and take a cottage for the season."

"Oh, you dear, delightful fellow!" cried Julie, springing up to give him a squeeze and a kiss. "I'm so glad! But are you sure you can afford it, Charley?" she added, slyly.

"I guess I can, now I've thought it over. When can you be ready?"

"The first of next week. Oh, I'm so glad, Charley! We'll have such a splendid time, and the children will enjoy it so much!"

And Julie ran joyfully up to her room, after Charley left, thinking that she would induce Grace Gardner to stay part of the time with them at the shore, for she owed her that much for having so cleverly helped her to catch Mr. Charley in a nice little trap from which he could not very well escape, and to teach him

that if he could afford luxuries for himself, he could for his family also.

They had a delightful season at Cape May. But to this day Charley has never suspected how Julie found out the reason he was always ready to answer her requests with "can't afford it!"

Under the Surface: OR, MURDER WILL OUT.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.
LIFE AND DEATH.

WE must go back somewhat in the story we are telling.

Dr. Ashe entered the room of the sufferer on tip-toe. He paused for a moment to see his way more clearly, as the room was darkened and his eyes were blinded by the dazzling snow without. Slowly he drew near the bed; he walked as though his feet were shod with down. Again he paused, his breath coming and going rapidly, his heart pulsing wildly. The young man trembled with excitement, anxiety and dread. At last he stood by the bedside and bent over it.

Long-drawn, labored breathing fell upon his ears; low, muttered words of delirium, meaningless in import, disconnected and empty, broke the dreary silence of the room.

The physician gently took the small, burning hand in his, and slid his sensitive finger over the bounding artery. He did not start; he quietly let the feverish hand, and shook his head sadly, discouragingly. He laid his fingers on the invalid's forehead, felt the arteries throbbing over the temple, and smoothed back the clustering masses of wavy gold that beclouded the face.

"Worse! worse!" he muttered, half-aloud—"much worse! ay! dangerous!"

The girl turned restlessly.

"Who spoke? who spoke?" she murmured. "I am listening. Was it you, Clinton? or you, Minerva Clayton? Oh! Minerva! Minerva Clayton, you have stolen my darling from me! You—you—"

Her voice died away as the poor girl turned wearily on her pillow.

And still Doctor Ashe stood there, alone, by the bedside of the sufferer—alone in her room! And the young man's bosom heaved; and as the sad, weary sigh forced itself from the bosom of the unconscious girl, a tear stood in the strong man's big brown eye; and he turned aside to let that tear-drop fall unmarked, unheeded.

Again, in a sweet, plaintive undertone, the girl murmured:

"Oh, Heaven, how I loved him! loved him purely, trustingly! And I thought so fondly, so fondly, that he loved me! Alas! that I was so rudely awakened to the terrible truth. But it was she who stole him from me—the siren with the raven locks, the glittering eyes, the beautiful form! And Clinton has buried me! buried me in a grave of woe and misery. Yet, I murmur not; for I am going—going far beyond the rose clouds—far beyond the shining river! going there to rest."

Again her mutterings died away, and again she turned languidly upon the bed. She scarcely seemed to breathe, though the marble-like bosom was heaving tumultuously beneath the snowy linen.

Again the young physician stole his finger over the bounding, irregular pulse. This time he started violently.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "She is worse! all the time worse! Something must be done at once. Be steady, my reeling brain! Stand by me now, and may God's unerring finger point to the saving remedy."

He hurried out into the silent hall.

"How is she, doctor? Speak! You tarried long!" and the father's voice trembled with fear and anxiety.

"Come, Mr. Ray; follow me to the parlor," was the reply which the physician made, as he led the way himself down-stairs to the apartment designated.

The old man followed.

Once in the parlor, Fred Ashe, now self-possessed and self-reliant, turned sad seriously, but frankly.

"Your daughter is worse, Mr. Ray."

"Much worse, doctor! dangerous!"

"Much worse, and dangerously ill," was the soft reply.

"Oh, heaven! spare my child!" groaned the poor father. "She is my all! Take me instead, but spare her!"

Up and down the room strode Dr. Ashe paying no heed to the distracted old man, who was watching his every movement. Suddenly the young man paused.

"Did the nurse administer the medicine as I directed, Mr. Ray?"

"Punctually, sir."

"Was the ice applied to the head as ordered?"

"I attended to that myself, doctor."

Again the physician, his eyes bent upon the floor, strode meditatively up and down the room. Again he paused.

"Think not hard of me, Mr. Ray," he said, in a low, distressed tone; "nor think that I am callous and cruel when I speak very plainly to you."

"Say on, doctor; with God's help, I am prepared to listen."

"Yes, sir; unless there is a change in your daughter within six or eight hours, she cannot recover."

"Can't recover! Oh, Heaven, stand—"

"Listen, my dear friend," interrupted the physician, speaking slowly and calmly, "I'll do as much for Alice as mortal man can do. I'll try a remedy—will stay and administer it myself—which seldom fails. Should it fail, there is yet one resource left—only one, and that, fraught with danger—one to be resorted to only when all other hope is gone! Should it succeed, life is saved; should it fail, death will be hastened. It is a remedy to be approached with fear and dread. Yet, should it be necessary, I will not shrink from it."

He stopped.

"I am listening, doctor; I place implicit confidence in you."

"Your daughter's brain, Mr. Ray, is filled with torrents of hot, burning blood; that brain is, almost literally, being consumed. Should the brain-structure itself break down, the disastrous end could not be delayed a single moment. Now in a word: should the remedy, which I purpose to administer forthwith, fail to effect a radical change for the better, by eight o'clock this evening I shall cut both of the temporal arteries."

"What!"

"And now the danger," pursued the physician, not noticing the interruption: "should I

have miscalculated my patient's strength—and I am free to say there are no reliable data for determining it—she will die in the twinkling of an eye! If on the other hand she can spare four, may two ounces of blood, she'll be saved, as certainly as the sun shines in the heavens!"

He spoke positively.

"Again, doctor, I trust you implicitly!" wailed the poor father.

The physician bowed, dashed off a few pencilled lines on a slip of paper, and dispatched it to the neighboring drug-store.

Five—ten—minutes elapsed when the messenger returned with a vial containing the medicine ordered. Dr. Ashe took it himself, ascended the stairs at a bound, and again entered the sick chamber.

And there, with the vial in his hand, his finger upon the pulse, sat Fred Ashe, watching every flickering thrill that sped through the arteries, watching every changing expression that flitted over the saintly face of the sufferer. There he sat as the time dragged wearily by; still, as there came no change in the telltale pulse, save for the worse; and still the dark shade of anxiety sat on the physician's face.

"The battle was terrible; but it seemed now that remedies were unavailing, that Science was powerless."

The shades of night some time before had fallen over the great city, and eight o'clock was almost on the minute.

Dr. Ashe slowly arose. He placed the vial, emptied of its impotent contents, on the bureau. He felt in his vest-pocket. He took out a lancet and flashed its bright, clean blade in the sunlight.

"A bowl," he said to the old father.

The nurse arose and brought it.

"The time has come, Mr. Ray. This," holding up the keen-edged lancet, "is all that is left. Do you trust me, yet?"

A moment of agony, and the old man bowed his head.

"Life or death, I trust you, doctor!" was all that he said.

Quietly, calmly, the physician felt for the bounding artery, thrilling along the temple. He found it. Then like a man of iron Fred Ashe gripped the glittering steel. Then he flashed it unflinchingly down.

The unerring lancet reached its mark; the bright red blood spun out in a jerking jet. Then the physician's finger sought the wrist again.

Ye heavens! the glad, bright smile that swept over the young doctor's face!

He placed his finger on the jetting wound, checked the blood, and bowed his head.

"Where am I? What is this? Oh! papa! oh! doctor!" broke from the girl, as she opened her

Muttering thus, old Moll turned to the door, and, after giving one glance out over the dim, gray waters, entered the house.

The next day—the one on which the duel was fought back of Lemon Hill, the one on which Dr. Ashe battled so nobly, as an ally of life against death—the yellow Schuykill was frozen over, hard and tight.

Imbedded in the hard ice-crust, down near the Fairmount dam, was a gentleman's hat.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISSING.

CLINTON CRAIG sat in his room, sad and anxious. His left arm was supported in a sling, and his face was pale and wan. Every movement gave him pain, and caused him to lean back, faint and exhausted. His shoulders were covered with a loose smoking jacket. On the table lay a letter which he had just managed, with some effort, to write; it was directed to Minerva Clayton, and it informed the girl that he had met with a somewhat painful accident which prevented him from coming to see her.

The accident affair was of course a fabrication; but Dr. Ashe had, for sake of quiet, recommended this fib.

Algernon Floyd's pistol-bell was the accident; and it came near ending Clinton Craig's life itself.

On the mantel in the room were several roller headages, a sling or so, a bottle of cooling lotion, and various surgical appliances which denoted the attention of Dr. Ashe. Yet, for a whole day and night, and part of another day, the young physician had not been near his friend. He was with another patient—the reader knows whom.

"Hang it!" muttered young Craig. "I wish Fred would come, if he intends coming at all! Here, John!" he exclaimed, as the serving boy passed in the hall; "run up to the doctor's and ask him to come and see me. Tell him that my shoulder pains me terribly. And, a moment, John; has father returned from the mills?"

"Not yet, sir; and Barton is very uneasy about him, sir, and says he is going out to Manayunk this afternoon to see about him."

"Ah! yes; Barton had better go. Away so long! and—But, John, away with you, and hurry back."

"Yes, sir," and the boy left.

"This very strange that the old gentleman tattles long away," resumed Clinton, in an uneasy tone, as the door closed. "I am uneasy about him. The weather was severe; he may be sick from exposure to it. Heaven grant that."

Just then a modest rap sounded on the door, and old Barton, the body-servant, put his head into the room.

"Called by to ask, sir, how's your arm?" said the old man, respectfully. "Powerful unlucky accident," he continued, as he entered the apartment.

"Yes, Barton; thank you. The arm is no better; far from it. As you say, it was an ugly affair—accident."

For a moment the aged domestic was silent; but there was a speaking seriousness in his face as he moved softly around by the grate.

Clinton noticed the expression.

"Well, Barton, any news of father?" he asked.

"That's just it," answered Barton, quickly. "I've known your father for thirty years, sir; but I never knew him to be so—I must say it, sir—so foolish as to go out in such weather as he had been before last—and upon the river, too."

"Upon the river? How—what do you mean?"

"Why, sir, he said something to me as he was leaving the door, to the effect that Mr. Miller had sent to Columbia bridge for him in a carriage, but that, owing to roughness of the river road, he was to take a boat at Fairmount to the bridge."

"Yes. But he was well wrapped up?"

"Certainly, sir. But the wind blowed powerful hard, and that stretch on the river, sir! I'm afraid the old gentleman is laid up with the pleurisy or rheumatiz. But I'll go right away and look after him; I can't wait until the afternoon."

A pause ensued; but Barton did not leave the room.

Clinton Craig bent his eyes moodily on the floor. He was thinking.

"Yes, Barton; suppose you go now?" he said at length, looking up. "And—yes—hitch Davy to my trotting-wagon and drive out. He can take you there in twenty minutes if you give him his head. I, too, am very uneasy about father. But, one moment, Barton: has Algernon Floyd indeed left the house?"

"He hasn't been here for two days, sir. He and the old gentleman had it hot and heavy; and so, Mr. Algernon has quit. He has taken his things away, too—even down to the old red silk cord that was to his father's portrait; but he left the picture in the library."

"Very good. Now hurry, Barton; and as the weather is cold you may push Davy."

"Yes, sir," and the old domestic left the room at once.

Clinton leaned his head upon his hand and pondered. He did not like the look of affairs; the continued absence of Mr. Floyd was puzzling, and there came over him a vague fear of impending trouble. But he shook this off as he heard a step on the stair. In a moment the boy, John, entered the room.

"Doctor was in a big hurry, sir," he said. "But he sent this, sir," and he handed a note to the young man.

Clinton opened it, clumsily, spread out the sheet as well as he could, and read this:

"DEAR CLINTON:—Don't be uneasy. I am responsible for your shoulder. You must put up with some pain, my boy. No man ever born has gone through the world without more or less of it. But—I thank heaven, Clint, that Alice Bay is out of danger, and that she is rapidly convalescing. The battle was a rough one, but, with God's blessing, science won it. Clinton, my boy, there are some strange rumors abroad in the city in which you are concerned. Do not be startled. I am going now to search into these rumors, and you may expect me early this evening to bring you result. Till then excuse me."

"Yours ever, 'FRED.'"

Slowly the young man refolded the note, placed it in his desk, and casting the letter for Minerva Clayton to the boy, bade him post it.

The day wore wearily away to Clinton Craig. His arm pained him much; and he was feverish and restless from excitement.

But the weary hours did drag themselves away; darkness settled over the city, and the lamps in the streets were lighted. But Fred Ashe had not come; nor had old Barton as yet returned.

Just as seven o'clock was striking confused noises and voices were heard at the street door of the Floyd mansion; then the tramping of a crowd of men, echoed distinctly. Then the door of the mansion was opened and the hallway in a moment was filled with a turbulent throng.

Clinton Craig sprang to his feet, and hurrying to the balusters looked down in amazement and half in awe. The passage was filled with policemen, who were putting out those officious ones that had endeavored to force their way behind them. The officers finally succeeded, and placed two of their number to guard the door.

Scarcely crediting his senses, Clinton ran to a front window of his room and gazed out.

The street was filled with a motley crowd of men and boys; and the air was discordant with their clamorous uproar.

Wondering, and fearing what he could not define, the young man hurried again to the head of the stairs and looked down. Among the policemen, Clinton saw a small boy, with a pair of skates slung over his shoulder. He also saw Mr. Miller, the superintendent of the Floyd factories, old Barton, and his bosom friend, Dr. Fred Ashe. The whole party were holding an excited conference. This was terminated suddenly by Dr. Ashe, who exclaimed in a loud, indignant tone to the officer who seemed to be in charge of the squad:

"I scorn your insinuation, sir! I do not bar the ways of justice; but I do enter a solemn protest against any such procedure as this."

"We do not doubt your honesty of motive, doctor," returned the sergeant, firmly though respectfully; "but, in a word, sir, suspicious point to Mr. Craig. We know, already, that he was brought home, early yesterday morning, from the neighborhood of the Park; we also know that he was wounded. We must find out the nature of that wound, and the manner in which he received it. Without more words, sir, allow us, peacefully, to do our duty."

So saying, the sergeant pushed by and beckoning two of the policeman to follow him, ascended the stairs and entered Clinton Craig's room.

"Are you Mr. Clinton Craig?" asked the officer at once.

"I am," was the prompt reply. "Now, what—"

"Then I arrest you, sir, in the name of the Commonwealth."

"Arrest me?" Mind you, my man! Arrest me! and for what?"

"For the murder of Thompson Floyd," was the reply.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

PARTED.

BY ADDIE D. ROLLISTON.

We walked the same sweet path in years
That now seem, oh! so far away
Together watched the hawthorn bloom
Beneath the azure skies of May!
We thought the world so fair, so fair!
We knew not that the years would fall
O'er heads bowed low in bitterness—
O'er fond hopes draped in sorrow's pall!

Sometimes in dreams the years creep back,
And to my heart there comes again
A gladness such as blossoms feel
When touched by summer's fragrant rain.
Again we walk the olden path,
And all these bitter, bitter days
Are as a dream that vanishes
When comes the morning's golden rays.

Oh! love, if I could go to-day
And lay my head upon your breast,
And hear you say, "I love you, dear."
I could not be more sweetly blessed.
And sometimes when the days are fair,
When gleam the skies with amber light,
I wonder if you ever think
Of days that were as sweet and bright.

And when the wild flowers shed their bloom
Upon the forest's leaf-strewn ways,
I wonder if this sweet perfume
Brings tender thoughts of other days.
And when the summer blossoms fade,
When comes the autumn's chill and blight,
Do thoughts come of our sunny day
That ended in a rayless night?

If I could fondly call you back,
Close to the heart that needs you so,
I'd leave no tender words unsaid,
Though pride should feel a bitter blow.
If prayers and longings could avail
I'd never cease to plead my case,
But words wrung from an anguished heart
Mid mocking silence ever fall.

When night creeps on with robes of balm,
And hushes the noisy world to rest,
When moonbeams shine on leafy bowers
That shield the shy bird's downy nest,
Such dreams, such maddening longings come
I cannot think the future years
Will shut me out from light and love,
And bring me only bitter tears.

Ah! well, the years that ever hold,
For each, alternate joy and pain,
To my sad life may some time bring
The sweetness of the past again.

That Strange Boy.

BY MASTER G. PAUL SMITH,
"The Boy Fanchon."

You see, Miss, I am an old, old man, and the incidents of the story which I am about to tell you happened many years ago. When I was young and good-looking, though you'd scarcely believe I ever was that as you look upon me now—wrinkled, bent, and white-haired.

But once I was better-looking than the average, and was right smart and lively, too. Now if they were to wait for me to set the stage, I fear that the curtain would have to stay down a long, long time.

It all happened in Philadelphia, and at the time I was "property-man" at one of the principal theaters. Bless me! and that was forty years ago!—it seems but yesterday.

One morning when we had all assembled on the stage for rehearsal, the manager entered, accompanied by a boy of apparently some sixteen years, attired in a neat suit of black.

He was one of those persons we would notice in a crowd—tall and slender, with long-lashed, large gray eyes, a complexion like a peach-blow, small hands and feet, a fine head of curling brown hair, regular features, pearly teeth glistening between rosebud lips, and a decidedly girlish appearance, take the whole together.

The manager introduced him to the company as Frank Spencer, and, after bowing modestly, he retired to a dressing-room to study his part, and the rehearsal went on.

I used to watch him a great deal; he seemed so young and delicate to be leading that hard life, and entirely among strangers, too. I soon discovered that he was extremely peculiar.

He had a room all to himself both at the hotel where we boarded and at the theater, and seldom spoke to any one except upon matters of business.

He played girls' parts sometimes, and when dressed for these one had hard work to make himself believe that he was not actually a girl. His motions were girlish, his voice was low and sweet, and he was a great favorite. Several members of the company had their suspicions, and at one time one of the men faced him with the remark that he was "a girl." But there was that in his eye and scornful laugh which warned them that it was not safe to make that accusation, and no one ever dared to say it again.

As for me, Miss, I don't know what I did think; only I know that I never felt toward any boy as I did toward him. A smile or his quiet "Thank you," thrilled me to the core, and at times I had such a desire to kiss him as though there wasn't another person in the world.

One morning I went rather early to the theater, intending to make some properties for a new piece before the company arrived for rehearsal. It was still and dark when I entered, but the noise of subdued voices in the direction of the stage told me that it was not lifeless. I came down the wings, and in the grayish light I saw this picture:

On the stage, seated upon a rustic bench, were Morton Collier, the handsome young leading-man of the establishment, and his recognized fiancée, the soubrette, Nanette Trevoyle. His arm was about her, and they were talking in low tones. Crouching at one of the entrances, but a few feet away, was the figure of a boy—Frank.

My curiosity was aroused, and creeping cautiously behind a pile of scenery I watched and listened. It was my first appearance in the role of the "Eavesdropper," and I was so deeply interested then that I never thought of the unbecomingness of the action.

"Oh, this wretched life! this terrible life!" I heard Frank distinctly whisper. "I love Morton and I dare not tell him that—"

Here his form trembled, and he rose up and turned away.

The light from a window fell full upon him and I could see that his face was very white, his hands clenched, and tears streaming from his eyes. My heart ached for the poor child, but I dared not stir, dared make no offers of sympathy, dared not let him know that I even suspected his secret.

The boy cast one look toward the couple on the stage—a look of deathless affection, of pitiful despair—and hurried silently away.

In half an hour the rehearsal commenced, and Frank was there. No one would have imagined that the boy with smile-wreathed face going through his part so spiritedly, had, but a short time before, lain upon that same stage sobbing and quivering with anguish.

I said nothing about it to anyone, but from that hour I resolved to do all in my power to make life as pleasant for him as possible.

That night when the play was over I put out the lights and started for the hotel, when the sound of voices arrested me. They were proceeding from Mr. Collier's dressing-room, and I now recollected that I had forgotten that light. I advanced to the door—it was partly open—and looked into the apartment.

Morton was hastily packing his costume of the evening into a valise, and on the floor at his feet knelt Frank Spencer. He was still attired in the white robe he had worn in the play, his hands were clasped over his bosom, and he was weeping bitterly.

"Now, Frankie," I heard Collier say, "all this is very foolish and it annoys me greatly. I don't object to your liking me, and being affectionate, and all that, but when you get to carrying it so far as to get jealous of Nanette, that is too much. If you were a girl, why it would be another thing. Now stop crying, dress yourself, and go home. I'd wait for you, but I've promised to make Nanette a visit to-night. We're going to have some prime wine and no end of fun."

I stepped away from my post, and he passed out. In a moment Frank followed. He had not stopped to change his costume, but had thrown a cloak over the robe, and had his satchel in his hand. He saw me.

"Ah, is that you, Griff?"

"Yes, Master Frank. You are late to-night. Wait until I put out the light here and I will walk with you to the hotel."

I put out the light, took his satchel, and we went home. It was late, so there was no one about to notice us. I went with him to his room, and after a "thank you" he said "good-night," and the door closed in my face.

I went to my room and to my bed, but I could not sleep. From the room across the corridor—Nanette's—there came to my ears at intervals sounds of mirth and revelry; but Nature will assert her rights, and at last I fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a sharp, sudden cry, and the noise as of some one falling in the corridor. I jumped quickly from my bed, drew on my pants, and hurried out into the hall, where a picture so terrible met my gaze that I see it in all my dreams to this day.

On the floor, directly across Nanette's door, lay Frank, still wearing the white robe, his bare neck and arms exposed to the chill winter night-air. I stooped and raised him, and as I did so a drop of blood rolled from his mouth and crimson-stained his white neck. I laid my hand upon his face—it was icy cold.

Poor little Frankie was dead!

By this time the house was fully aroused, and the body was cared for. His trunks were searched but nothing could be found to tell who or where his friends, if he had any, were, and two days later the little form was laid to rest by strangers. Those who prepared it for burial discovered—that I had long suspected—that Frankie was a girl!

This discovery caused no little comment among the members of the company, as well as the public at large, but why Frankie had come among us in the garb of a boy remained for days a mystery.

One morning, three weeks after Frank's death, a handsome, but sad-looking woman came to the manager and inquired for Frank Spencer. When told the sad, peculiar story her grief was very great, but she soon grew calm and explained.

Frank was her daughter—Nanette Denton—and had been driven from home by her father because she refused to marry a man he selected for her—a man of wealth, but old and ugly. She had talent for the stage and had adopted it as a means of livelihood, appareling herself as a boy; no doubt, to be kept pure and safe from insult. The father had repented, and search had been instituted for the girl, but no trace of her could be found. Finally Mrs. Denton had seen "Frank's" picture in Philadelphia, recognized it, and followed up the clue. The story of her child's death drove her crazy, and for three years, until released by death, she was the inmate of a mad-house. Mr. Denton dragged out a dreary existence in New York, constantly tortured by his conscience.

Many were the conjectures as to the cause of Frankie's death, but had they asked me I could easily have told them—she died of a broken heart.

About Collier and Nanette? Oh, they married, and the last I heard of them were leading a cat-and-dog life in a Western city.

Well, I must go to now—it's getting damp and dark—and my rheumatic limbs cannot stand much now. Good-night, Miss, and Heaven bless you! Poor little Nanette! Poor little girl! She was only a simple child—the ways of God and man were too hard for her.

FORESTALLED.

BY HENRI MONTCLAIR.

I worshiped a girl named Louisa,
(Miss Quintillian of Upper Ten Square.)
I used all my powers to please her;
I followed her everywhere.
But, alas for my fresh-budding passion!
I soon grew the saddest of swains:
Two lovers were then all the fashion;
I'd a rival in young Featherbrains.

One day, where the shade was completest,
I wandered in deep reverie,
And I cried, "Oh, my fairest, my sweetest,
I'll go out your name on a tree."
Ah! what in the bark did I see, sir!
There, (cut out with infinite pains.)
Were two names; and the one was LOUISA.
The other was—A. Featherbrains.

Then I murmured, "Much as I adore her,
I must end this suspense or my life.
I'll go then, and, kneeling before her,
I'll say in soft tone, 'Be my wife.'"
But, alas! when I said it, Louisa,
She froze all the blood in my veins
By replying, "Don't kneel, pray, to me, sir;
I am promised to young Featherbrains."

"Sure," I cried, "I can never forgive her
In these parts," said Smith; "it was just across yonder, about a hundred yards. It was a red-hot day in August. I went across, and just ahead of me I saw a six-footer stretched out asleep. I went for him, but missed my mark, and in a second the rattle jangled. He made a spring and grabbed me by the arm and held fast. Before I could think of what I was doing this dog here grabbed the snake, and shook the life out of it. They laid me out, and Bill Henry, dead two years now, put his mouth to my bare arm and drew every bit of the poison out of it. They tied me up, put on a leaf or two, and I never felt it afterward."

Smith went away, and after he had been gone a half-hour he called up from the rocks, and we went to him. He stood smiling, and exclaimed, "Here's an early bird out for an airing. On the rock, and pinned to it by a forked stick, writhed a reptile about four feet in length. Jake told Endy to hold the prong down. Taking out a small vial from a vest pocket, he saturated a bit of black wadding with the liquor it contained. He placed the wadding on a stick, and then put it into the serpent's mouth. It operated like magic. The snake's body dropped flat on the rock."

"That'll do," said Jake. "Take the prong off. He's done like a charm."

Jake then held the snake by the tail, and said that the stuff would keep it unconscious for ten minutes. The reptile had six fully-developed rattles. These were cut off. The ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before the snake revived. His throat commenced swelling, his eyes protruded, and he shook his tail, but the rattles were gone. He tried to shake again, and then sent his fangs deep into his body again and again, frothed at the mouth, and died apparently in agony.

"I just did that to let you know how mad a rattler gets when he is clipped," said Jake. "You see how blue the inside of his mouth is! Well, that's the way they all get. That pronged tongue of his is not dangerous. Behind that long tooth is a small bag that I will show you after awhile. It is a kind of a sack about half as big as a pea. In that is the poison. When a rattler gets mad, and just before he strikes, he'll give his teeth a bath of poison and then drive in the fangs. The teeth are hollow on the ends, and no matter if they go through a man's clothes the poison won't wipe off, but it will drip when the teeth touch blood."

The sun was very hot, and the barren ledge, exposed to the full rays, was getting scorching. Each man was provided with a stout hickory stick with a prong at the lower end. Each put on his feet rubber bottoms made out of cast-off shoes, in order to get over the rocks without making noise. Each took a different direction, with the understanding that they should meet at the spring, two miles over the hill, at noon.

"You come with me," said Jake, whistling for the dog, and the hunters separated. They were provided with shrill whistles, and it was specially understood that they should at no time be separated among the rocks at a distance beyond hearing, so that whenever one might want help the other could come to his assistance without losing much time.

"We generally find 'em laying stretched on the rock. They're naturally lazy, and they take to the sun like ducks to water. They don't do much but sleep. On these hot rocks they become full of poison. Look there at that dog! will you?"

"Maj" stood on a ledge of yellow rock about fifty yards from where we were. His body was silent as a statue, and his tail wagged with the regularity of a pendulum. We approached silently, and when we were within five feet of the rock the dog left his post and got behind his master. Jake pointed ahead, and there lay a rattlesnake seven feet in length, sleeping in the sun. It lay stretched out. The hunter walked up carefully, placed the pole in position, and in a twinkling it descended on the neck of the reptile, making it a prisoner. It took all the strength of that brawny man at first to keep the snake fast on the rock. Rattlesnakes do not curl as other snakes do. When pinned down, they simply lash the ground or the rock with their bodies.

"Stand back," said Jake; "let him lam that stone until he gets tired."

The horny chain on the snake's tail rattled, but the prong was too small for him to slip his head or body through. It pinched just enough to madden him. In three minutes he seemed fagged out, when Jake was enabled to dose him and lay him out. The body was beautiful in gold, dark brown and black. The belly had grayish white with black stripes. On the back there were black spots. Jake took out the poison-sack, which looked very much like a water-blister on human flesh.

"That stuff in the veins of twenty men would kill every one of 'em," said Jake. "Some people would say this fellow was eleven years old, according to his rattles. I don't believe it. I believe these snakes get 'em more than once a

year when they are young. When they're old it may be different. This skin ain't worth much, but we'll take it along anyway."

Suddenly was heard the shrill whistle of one of the men about two hundred yards over the rocks. The dog pitched head foremost in his effort to get away in a hurry. Jake caught a breath and said, "Come on, but be careful." A thrilling sight was Endy, in a bath of perspiration, holding down a snake that seemed as large again as the one we had just captured. The dog was called away.

"I want this fellow alive," said Endy, "and Jake, take hold of this until I run up to the big hickory and get that box."

In a short time Endy returned with a soap-box lined with leather. The lid was a rude affair, made out of heavy wire. He set the box down, and then took hold of the prong. The snake was then made to swallow a wadding ball, and when it was under its influence it was easily thrown into the box, and the lid fastened with staples. The snake measured nine feet in length.

Another start was made, and in about an hour and a half five fair-sized snakes were killed. All of the party were on time at the appointed place of meeting. Nineteen snakes had been captured.

The men cut off the heads of the reptiles, extracted the poison-sacs, and put them in one box. In reply to a question as to what that poison was good for, one said: "In the first place, it is not dangerous if you keep it away from your blood. The women-folks use it very sparingly, though. Sometimes they mix it with camphor, to smell of for headache. A little, boiled with dock leaves and wild laurel, is a good wash for rheumatism. Stiff joints are limbered up pretty well when a sac is thrown into warm water with salt and a little mustard." The skins dried and used to cure headache, earache, rheumatism, wildfire, or ringworm, if worn around the arms.

Last year these four men killed 327 snakes in three months, and they intend to exceed that number this year.

"These snakes we got here," said Endy, "are the worst kind of rattlers. They live on mice and birds. My opinion is that the snake comes onto the bird so suddenly that it gets scared to death. I don't believe half the snake-stories I hear nowadays. But this I can give as fact: Last summer Squire Etter's boy commenced to behave strange. He'd go off into the woods and stay all day, and when he got back he'd have very little to say. One day that boy was followed. He sat down on a log, and ten minutes after he got there a big rattlesnake crawled up on a stone about twelve feet from where the boy sat. The young fellow watched the snake and never took his eyes off him. We got tired watching that sort of thing, and we walked up slowly and killed the reptile. The boy cried. We led him back home. He got a whipping, and since that time he keeps away from snakes. He was not charmed; he was only foolish enough to go—that's all. Rattlesnakes never hurt anybody unless they are first molested. They live to be fifteen years old, anyhow, although I have seen twenty-eight rattles on one tail."

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SOME EPITAPHS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

ON A DENTIST.
Although from life this dentist-man
Has now forever gone,
He's filling his last cavity
Beneath this granite stone.

ON A FELLOW WITH A MOUTH.
He had the very largest mouth
You ever looked upon;
Stranger, tread lightly on his grave,
For what if he should yawn!

ON A CIRCUS ACTOR.
He vaulted and revolved nimbly,
Though you could find no fault;
He tumbled up and tumbled down,
Yet here is his last vault.

ON A BALLOONIST.
He used to travel in the skies,
Although of lowly birth;
His soul without balloon did rise,
His form returns to earth.

ON A LAWYER.
For others he has pleaded long,
For sake of fame and pelf;
Before a higher court he pleads
"Not guilty" for himself.

ON A SCOLD.
Beneath this mound she lies asleep
Who jawed till ears would ache;
Speak very low around the spot
For fear she might awake.

ON A DIETIST.
He thought he ate too much and so
Came down to light repast;
And then as he did diet first
He had to diet last.

ON AN ARTIST.
They say when he took was good
And perfect to behold,
The sole bad thing he ever took
At last was a bad cold.

ON A MAN BORN TIRED.
Here lies the laziest man in town;
He was a sleepy chap;
He'll wake when Gabriel's trump is blown,
Then take another nap.

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:
OR,
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

V.—THE ROCK TEMPLE—THE PYTHON.

They bought more horses at the village to accommodate those lately added to their party, and the next day, after the boat-hunt, the party mounted and rode away to the north. Abenhuah refused to ride, and laughed when they said that he would be left behind.

"You don't know the Charmer," said Sawyer. "Why, boys, I'd bet for him, a hundred dollars to ten, to beat any horse in the party in a fifty-mile race. What do you say to that?"

"It would not surprise me," replied Richard. "My father knew an Indian who used to carry the mail from Oswego to Syracuse, in the State of New York, about forty miles. He'd go down one day and back the next, carrying a heavy mail-bag, winter and summer, and thought no more of it than you or I would of a five-mile walk daily."

"And this chap could do it just as easy. Because, you understand, while a horse might beat him on level ground, he does not change his pace when going uphill. You will see before the day's march is over."

Sawyer rode by the side of Rona, and talked to her in her native language. It was plain that they were well acquainted and liked one another well, and the boys winked at each other slyly. Yet knowing that Dave Sawyer was an honorable man, one who could be trusted in anything, they did not wonder that the Hindoo girl liked him.

The march was a long and arduous one. They stopped for an hour in the heat of the day, not far from a Cingalese village, whose people came out to see the strangers. When the shy natives discovered the Charmer, they were satisfied; knowing that as he trusted few men upon earth, these must be friends; but they looked askance at Mado, for although his reputation was great as a hunter, it was equally great as a thief.

Shooting a deer or two for the use of the village, the march was resumed amid the blessing of the simple Cingalese. They were now in the country of the Kandians—a land known in the annals of old times, and when they camped in the afternoon, and the air grew cool, Sawyer spoke to one of the men in the native tongue. The man made an answer which pleased the sailor, and he turned to Richard.

"Would you like to see one of those old rock temples of the Kandians?"

"Certainly I would," replied Richard. "How far is it?"

"Not very far; Rona will show us the way."

"Shall we take the horses?"

"No; it is not more than a mile, but a rough road."

The party which went to the temple consisted of the Americans, Rona and two natives. Mado and Abenhuah remained to keep camp.

Turning aside from the beaten path, they entered a dark forest, in the midst of cocoanut, palm and teak trees—a magnificent forest, full of trailing vines and pendant mosses. The chattering of monkeys was heard, and droves of these active little creatures were leaping about in the branches, grinning and chattering, dropping from branch to branch, and sending the scattered leaves down upon them in green showers.

"I want cocoanuts," observed Sawyer. "Do as I do, and then stand from under."

He took up some small stones from the little stream which flowed through the forest, and began to hurl them into the trees. The monkeys looked down angrily at the intruders, and by way of answer, plucked the cocoanuts overhead, and began to hurl them at the party with such good aim that they were forced to dodge rapidly to evade them. When each had secured four or five nuts, they went on to an open glade, and there stopped awhile to open the nuts.

First they drank the rich milk, little like the sort which boys in Yankee land so delight in, and then broke the shells and scooped out the white pulp. When fully satisfied, they went on through the forest, and after a long walk reached the temple which they sought. The priests no longer made their sacrifices here, the outer walls were covered with moss, but the grand structure showed the skill of the men long since passed away, who had once ruled in Kandy.

It was built upon a rocky eminence—or, rather, the great bare rocks had been excavated by mighty labor, and hewn into the shape of turrets and towers, with long passages, great rooms and staircases. From the spot where they stood a stairway of forty steps led up to the great door of the temple. Up these steps they scrambled, and reached the arched portal, but there the two natives paused, explaining that they dared not, for their lives, enter this holy place; they were not pure. Just at the door of the temple a beautiful spring bubbled out of the rocks, and ran down the side. Sawyer, heated by the walk, took a tin cup from his girdle, filled it at the spring, and was about to drink, when one of the men dashed it from his hand.

"Look here, my man," the sailor said; "I'll have to give you a lesson in politeness, I rather guess."

"The sahib must not drink," replied the man, in a hurried tone. "Is he mad? Does he not know that this spring is sacred, and that only the gods drink of it?"

"What will happen if I drink it?" demanded the captain, taking up the cup again.

"You will fall dead upon the spot," responded the man, in a tone of horror.

"I've no doubt that you mean well, my man," said Sawyer. "I am going to taste this water, and if you knock the cup out of my hand again, I shall feel compelled to knock you clean down the steps."

He filled the cup and drank deeply, while the Cingalese looked at him in horror, evidently surprised that he did not fall dead in his tracks. On the contrary, he seemed to like it, and took some more, and was mightily refreshed. He passed the cup to the rest, and they all partook.

"Do not offer it to me," said Rona, waving aside the cup. "While I do not believe all the tales which have been handed down through long generations, I will not do that which our traditions forbid. Come into the temple, and let us go through it while there is yet day."

They entered a wide portal and came into a lofty room, arched like a dome, the center of which was at least fifty feet from the floor. About the walls of this room were seated or standing stone figures of the gods which the ancient Kandians had worshiped. The surface of the rock, on every side, was covered with paintings in the richest colors, in which paintings the great god Boodhoo (Buddha) was represented in every imaginable posture. In the center of this great room was a beautiful *Sagobah*, eighteen feet in height, rising above a flat pedestal, upheld at the four corners by small statues of the great god. In another part of the room in a recumbent posture, was another statue of the same god, of gigantic size, being nearly thirty feet in length, lying with its head resting upon its hand. The face was handsome and had an expression of majesty in it which awed the young men, in spite of themselves. The pictures on the walls also represented the deeds done by some great king long passed away. It was a history, written in red, yellow and white, which the learned men of the Cingalese knew how to read.

"This has been a great people," observed Richard.

"My people might be great still, if they could learn not to be cruel," answered Rona. "They have had the chance to make India great, but they preferred luxury and cruelty to greatness. We have not been fortunate in our rulers. Look at the mild face of Boodhoo, and tell me if such a face is that of one who follows in blood sacrifice. No; our priests have deceived us in this."

"Let us go on," said the captain. "There is another room, I take it."

"Yes, there is a room which tells more of the history of Ceylon than any book yet written. I can read it as I read the sacred book."

They passed through another gallery, and entered a room nearly as large as the last, the walls of which were literally covered with paintings. Rona ran them over carefully, giving the names of the heroes, and the deeds which had brought them to this distinction. Then she turned and entered a small chamber on the right, when they heard a strange cry, and she disappeared from the doorway. Sawyer sprang forward and looked in, and to the surprise of the rest, drew a heavy bowie at his belt and sprang in, with a hoarse cry of horror.

What had happened?

The small room was one set aside for the deeds of one of the most noted Kandian heroes. It was Rona's intention to show them this apartment before she turned back to the camp. It was lighted by a single window, but one side was rather dark, and she had stepped into the room before she was aware that any danger lurked in that black shadow. But scarcely had she taken three steps, when a rustling, gliding sound was heard upon the floor, and some great monster—what she could not tell—suddenly caught and dragged her down. Her arms were pinioned to her sides, and fold after fold was wrapped about her body, so that she could not stir hand or foot. It was at that moment that she uttered a terrified cry for help, which brought the captain to the door. He looked once, and sprang in, knife in hand.

What did he see?

Rona was in the folds of a serpent, a monster so huge as to put to shame those dwarfed and puny specimens of the race of pythons which we sometimes see in menageries: a monster nearly thirty feet in length, of a yellowish color beneath, and brown above, and a body thicker than a man's thigh. This body was covered with unsightly blotches, darker than any other part of the body, and at a glance he knew it.

A "rock-snake!"

In all the constrictor family there is none more terrible than the rock-snake of Ceylon. He has been said, with what truth I will not say, to have pulled down and swallowed a buffalo. However true that may be, he was powerful enough to crush the life out of a human being, and Sawyer knew it. His cry of horror was echoed by all the young men as they appeared in the door, and saw Rona sinking to the stone floor, in the coils of the serpent.

But Dave Sawyer came of the fighting blood of the great West, and knew the weapon in his hand.

The fiery eyes of the great python were fixed upon him, and to the surprise of all, he uncoiled himself slowly from the now senseless form of Rona, and began to roll his ponderous length toward the Yankee. Dave waited the onset, with his right hand raised high above his head, armed with the glittering bowie. Richard, who had carried a spear, the better to assist him in walking through the tangled woods, and also as a means of defense, ran in to aid his friend, while Will slipped to one side with his repeater. The small head of the monster was lifted eight feet from the earth, and he seemed to hesitate upon which to descend, when Richard hurled the spear, which he passed completely through the neck of the monster.

Now followed a terrible scene. The great tail of the python whistled through the air with tremendous force, and Richard was dashed against the wall, stunned and bleeding. Sawyer eluded the blows with difficulty, but Rona still lay senseless, and he feared that she was dead. He would not retreat and leave her there, and rushed in to seize her body and carry it away, reckless of danger. He had lifted her in his arms, when he saw the giant serpent again reared and about to fall upon him. He could do nothing, encumbered as he was, save hold up his knife, in the hope that the monster would fall upon the edge.

Crack, crack, crack!

"Get out of the way!" cried Will. "The big thief is done for."

The boy had watched his opportunity, when

the head of the snake was in the air, and had sent three bullets through the blotched and ugly head. Sawyer darted aside and rushed out at the door, carrying Rona in his arms, while Will and Ned caught up their brother and dragged him out. There was a terrible commotion in the small room, and then all was still. Sawyer ran out of the temple, still carrying Rona, and pausing at the fountain laved her face and neck in the clear, brackish water. In a few moments she revived and was able to sit up, when the captain assisted her to descend the steps. Then the men went back, and with the greatest difficulty dragged out the body of the snake and slid it down the steps. The two natives remained to remove the skin, and to this day Will brags of the battle with the snake in the temple and the superiority of his weapon over all others, and points to the stuffed skin of the python in proof.

Piqued Into Love.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ERLA VINCENT made a graceful courtesy when Mrs. Marden presented Florian King, and thought, with a little unusual sparkle in her blue eyes, that if this was the wonderful Mr. King she had heard so much about, and who had been invited to Mrs. Marden's for her express benefit—why, that he might have been spared his trouble—tall, ugly, and dark as he was, and she hated dark men so!

Mr. Florian civilly removed his cigar from his mouth, and turned and raised his hat with the grace of a courtier, and took a swift inventory of Miss Erla's charms, and recorded the vow that if this independent young lady with the yellow hair and light eyes was the "wonderful Miss Vincent" he had been advised to win, that he might as well have stayed where he was—it was such a bore to try to please insipid blonde women who hadn't two ideas of their own.

Then Miss Vincent gathered up her train with one hand, and threw a kiss to Frank Dantonville with the other, and walked leisurely away with Mrs. Marden, apparently as utterly forgetful of Florian King's existence as if he had never been.

He resumed his seat in the big bamboo chair, and returned his cigar to his mouth, and smoked placidly until Dantonville's question disturbed the reverie that the quiet, the warmth had induced.

"How do you like her, King? Beautiful girl, isn't she? I tell you, if you succeed in making love to Miss Vincent you'll do what no other fellow ever did."

King tossed his cigar away, and evinced sudden energy.

"Beautiful!—Miss Vincent beautiful! It did not occur to me—tall, and fair, and icy—isn't she?"

Dantonville gave a little groan of horror.

"Florian! Miss Vincent is perfection! Her eyes are the bluest blue, and her hair is that exquisite shade of liquid gold one doesn't see twice in a lifetime; and such a complexion, rose leaf and lily buds;—and to be described as only 'fair and tall and icy'—this magnificent Venus among women!"

"Really, old fellow, if I didn't know you were a married man, and above reproach, I'd be suspicious. Honor bright—is Miss Vincent so enchanting? I'm glad to hear it, although I do not usually care for blonde women. Take a sail, Dant? I see the boats are in again."

The two gentlemen strolled down to the river's edge, and Mrs. Marden and Erla Vincent watched them from their rustic seats on the lawn.

"Isn't he splendid—isn't he elegant? Oh, Erla, if Mr. King only should fall in love with you!"

Almost a shiver of disgust ran over the girl's slender, graceful figure.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Marden! I never was so disappointed in all my life as when I saw him. Dantonville and his wife had sung his praises until I imagined that he was a perfect Adonis—that tall, silent, black-eyed man—why, I hate such saturnine-visaged creatures, and he is actually gray, too!"

She tore a little cluster of daisies in pieces, to help her endure her disappointment and chagrin the better, for in truth she had thought and dreamed of the coming of this Prince Charming until she had made a god of him.

Mrs. Marden gave a little indignant exclamation.

"Oh, you wicked girl! Mr. King is one of the most refined and cultured gentlemen you ever met or ever will meet. To call him such cruel things—why, he's only gray because his hair is so intensely black, naturally—it's not dye, I can tell you, for I know he's not thirty-five. And such lovely eyes, and such fine features—Erla, I'm ashamed of you!"

A stubborn little look, that seldom gathered on Erla's sweet face, came now, and her blue eyes flashed out their fire.

"Don't expect I shall change my mind about him, Mrs. Marden, so spare yourself of chanting his praises. Evidently he has bewitched you, as he has the Dantonvilles, but I can assure you, positively, I quite despise him already—but if you want me to hate him, keep on as you have begun."

And in the soft summer silence of that evening, later, while Miss Vincent was waiting in the parlors with some of the boarders, Mrs. Marden and Frank Dantonville compared notes, with amused astonishment at first, with more serious earnestness when it became very patent to them that the unaccountable dislike that had sprung simultaneously up between Miss Vincent and Mr. King would most effectually prevent the consummation of the wishes of all their friends—the betrothal of the two.

"We have made a grand mistake, Mrs. Marden, and we must rectify it at once. We have been too profuse in our honest expressions of favor, one to the other. We must stop chanting the eternal praises of one to the other, as Erla would say, and try the opposite rule of conduct. Florian, you pick out the flaws you can in Florian, and criticize him to Erla;—and I will take the same course with him. We'll answer their pique, and convince them that they are entirely unfit for each other; and if it doesn't result in an engagement by the first of October, you may take my head for a foot-ball!"

After that, Mrs. Marden and Erla were off very often, and when they were at home, it seemed odd how sure it was to happen that Mr. King and the Dantonvilles were all out yachting or crabbing, or off to the city for the day—and one afternoon Florian spoke of the coincidence to Dantonville.

"We don't see very much of that young lady friend of yours, Frank, over whom you are so gushingly sentimental."

Dantonville laughed.

"We don't see much of her, that's certain, more's the pity. Usually, Erla is very social, but if she takes a prejudice, there is no reasoning her out of it. Confidentially, Florian—she

doesn't like you; she thinks you are a perfect bear, and being very fastidious in her tastes, you couldn't expect her to sacrifice her feelings to the dictates of society usages. Curious girl, Erla, until you know her."

Mr. King's face flushed warmly—he not suited to the "fastidiousness" of Miss Erla Vincent—"he" notably a ladies' man, and the petted darling in whatever society he chose to adorn—he a "perfect bear!"

He quickened his step a little, and the red flush died slowly, but from the one look Dantonville stole, he saw that the arrow rankled, and that Florian would be obliged to at least think of Erla, if no more.

"I wouldn't care if I were you, Florian, what she said or what she thinks, for, after all, she's only a flighty girl. Shall we take tickets for the picnic to-morrow? Nellie told me to mention it to you; they're all going."

And he would go, to convince Miss Erla Vincent he was not the "bear" she imagined him, and that if he took the pains to lay siege to her heart—even if he only did it for pastime—she would be obliged to capitulate, and on his terms too.

"Saucy, conceited little creature!" he decided, as he dressed for the picnic the next morning. "I'll make her change her mind about me, and then—"

He smiled under his mustache, a very meaning smile, that if Miss Vincent, in her room at the other end of the corridor, had seen, would perhaps have not appreciated.

As it was, she was very deeply engrossed in settling the bows of her sash, and disposing the draping of her cambric overdress, while Mrs. Marden and Mrs. Dantonville, in full picnic attire and tarletane shade hats were watching her.

A man's footstep passed the door.

"That's King, after all! I was afraid he wouldn't go; indeed, he said almost as much to Frank yesterday."

"Mr. King must be very hard to suit if all the entertainments we have had lately fail to amuse him."

Mrs. Dantonville drew on her gloves leisurely.

"Oh, it isn't the entertainments Florian objects to, but the society. He is the most fastidious gentleman I ever knew, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, he told Frank there was not a young lady stopping here capable of entertaining him."

Erla's face crimsoned.

"The rude, unmanly fellow! The idea—and I am in the same house with him! Not capable of entertaining him!"

The tiny silver gray lace gloves were being dragged on in hot, angry haste. Mrs. Marden laughed teasingly.

"Why, Erla, any one would think you took it as a personal affront. You know you think Mr. King is a 'perfect bear.'"

The gloves were buttoned vindictively; and Mrs. Dantonville took up her sun umbrella to depart.

"Erla needn't take that personally, because Mr. King remarked to me that of all the girls here, he rather disliked her the most. It's your own fault, child, and you can't blame him for calling you pert, and amusingly spiteful, and childish, and evidently not versed in the art of fascinating the opposite sex, when you know you have been as disagreeable as you can be."

Erla's only reply was a wrathful gleam of her eyes as she went down-stairs and joined the group on the piazza that were waiting for the wagons—the sweetest, prettiest, most becomingly-dressed of them all; and Mr. King's critical eyes took in a gratified look at the picture, as he bowed, and wondered he had never before noticed how charmingly Miss Vincent smiled, showing her tiny, even pearls of teeth, and the deep dimple in her velvety cheek.

Coming through the hall, and to the piazza, there had been a perfect tempest of emotion in Erla's brain and heart, and out of the rioting confusion there sprang an almost savage determination to convince Mr. King of his mistake in considering her the uninteresting booby he thought her, to prove to him that not only could she be agreeable, but make him rue the day she so decided.

She would make him admire her, and make him like her, and, wicked or not, she would draw him on to care for her with all his soul, and then—oh, what a revenge she would have!

So, she was so charming, so bewitching, so irresistibly fascinating that King came under the influence admirably, and succeeded in creating the impression upon her he desired to create, that he was not a "bear" but a refined, agreeable gentleman, who conversed, danced and flirted equally well.

That was a grand day for them both; they were together all day, while Mrs. Marden, Dantonville and his wife assumed reproachful looks, and laughed in their sleeves; when Erla's eyes glanced, and her cheeks grew pink, as she thought how easy her self-imposed task would be, if only she did not feel sorry that Mr. King, after all, was too nice to so deliberately hurt; while King himself almost groined to think he had been as enough to fail to discern Miss Vincent's accomplishments, and entirely forgot to keep notes as to his success in convincing her he was used to ladies' society.

It was a rich little drama—this playing at swords' point first, and then, gradually, becoming really interested, and trying to assure themselves it was only their good luck that made them so happy; and then, to go about so devotedly together, little dreaming that they were reported engaged many a time.

But it suddenly came to a climax—a premeditated climax on the part of the co-conspirators—and Mrs. Marden took the initiative by coming in upon Erla one day as she sat in the shaded parlor, alone, with a book she had been reading.

"All alone? What a wonder, and what a blessing, for I never get an opportunity of a word with you, since that odious fellow of a King hangs so continuously around you. I do think, Erla, you ought to be a little ashamed of yourself."

The graceful figure straightened suddenly.

"I ought! Really, Mrs. Marden, you have changed your mind greatly about Mr. King, who is scarcely the 'odious fellow' you take him to be. I find him very delightful."

"I have changed my mind about him, I am happy to say. I see him now as he is—vain, frivolous and conceited as a boy. Erla, take my advice, and have no more to do with him, unless, as I hope and pray, it is only a boarding-house flirtation."

The lovely golden head drooped slightly, and Mrs. Marden saw a paleness on the averted face. She smiled and went on, as she arose from her chair:

"Don't hate me, dear, for saying what I have, will you? But I am older than you, by so many years, and I don't think Mr. King is a fit match for you—"

Then the golden head came proudly up, and the blue eyes looked straight in Mrs. Marden's.

"Mr. King is a fit 'match' for a princess of the blood royal if he chose to so honor her! He doesn't intend to marry me!"

Then Mrs. Marden went out, laughing all the way down the hall, until she met Florian coming impatiently, hastily in her direction, with a determined sparkle in his dark eyes, and a pale, eager anxiety on his handsome face.

"Will I find Er—Miss Vincent in the parlor? Is she alone?"

She told him "yes," with grave countenance, and then went straight to her recipe-book to hunt up the directions for the wedding-cake she meant to give them.

While Mr. King went in the big, lonely, silent parlor, to find Erla crouching in a corner of the sofa, crying softly, in the sudden knowledge that had been forced to her by Mrs. Marden's words—the humiliating fact that she was in love with a man who, as she had proudly said, "didn't intend to marry her!"

He walked over to her, his heart thumping in strong, audible beats, his face pale, his eyes full of tenderness. He stooped beside her, and lifted her lovely head.

"Erla—is it true you hate me quite as much as they tell me! Erla! dear little girl, if you only knew how I love you—Erla! quick!—you do care for me, my darling, my darling!"

Her arms were clasped around his neck, her eyes looked in his—and, as a matter-of-course, the wedding-cake was wanted.

Tales of the Indies.

A TREACHEROUS GUIDE.

BY YAM.

"Kidda budga?" (What is the time) asked Jack Cutter, of a solitary Hindoo, whom we met walking briskly toward the city of Howrah.

"Hee budga, sahib," he replied. (One o'clock, sir.)

"Atchar chollow." (All right, go on.)

Jack and I had been up to the bazar to make purchases of curiosities for our friends at home.

We had left the "Prince Hal" early that morning, first securing the services of a guide and purchasing agent and a couple of "Falan-keens."

On our way up we stopped at the Eastern Hotel and dined; then discharging our bearers, we hired a fellow to carry an immense umbrella, and fan us as we promenade the dirty and odoriferous streets of the bazar.

The guide we had with us was a villainous-looking specimen, but sailor-like he had considered ourselves able to checkmate him should he try any of his games.

We had determined to walk through about a dozen bazars and inspect the merchandise before purchasing.

In this manner we spent four hours, and had just concluded to go to some hotel as rest before starting to buy our "curios," when a handsome boy ran up and placed in my hand a "chit" without any address upon the outside.

I looked at my guide for an explanation, but he appeared to be in a brown study, and totally unaware of anything unusual having occurred.

"I guess it won't bite, Gus! Why don't you open it?"

I acted upon his suggestion, and read the following:

"Sir:—I am the daughter of an American clergyman, and came out here two years ago, with my husband, owing to circumstances which I will explain. I am in great distress, and seeing your friend and you pass by my humble abode I resolved to request an interview. Follow me and you will give you this."

Yours, very sincerely,

"MRS. LAURA G—"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! capital!" I laughed.

"What the devil is there to laugh at, Gus?" asked Jack, quite seriously. "It seems to me to be all shipshape and Bristol fashion. Let us go; where is that boy?"

The boy was waiting patiently to see if we proposed to follow him, and had not looked at nor spoken to our guide.

"Well! hang me if I can go back on a woman," I said, after deliberating for a few seconds; "but it seems very thin to me."

We followed the messenger through "Durantallah" and Choringee road, and finally found ourselves on the street leading to Dum-Dum.

The boy now stopped before a large tumble-down old building, once occupied by some rich nabob, but now fallen into decay and disuse.

Ascending the stoop we stepped over three or four lazy natives who lay stretched out basking in the sun, smoking and playing with four or five cards.

A beautiful che-che girl (half-caste), opened the door and smilingly invited us to enter.

We were shown into a large, scantily and shabbily-furnished apartment, and the boy commenced to fan us as though his or our lives depended upon it.

Jack and I looked at each other for a few moments, and simultaneously burst into roars of laughter.

So far we had had our doubts, but now we felt convinced that we had been fooled by the tenor of the note and appearance of its bearer, who doubtless acted in collusion with our guide.

At that moment an old, decrepit native opened the door and solemnly salaamed three times, almost touching the floor.

"Take care of that aged spine of thine, old horse," said the merry Jack.

We were now conducted into a smaller room in which we perceived several dispirited young girls, and seated on a lounge a large, fat, flabby old woman, who weighed about three hundred, avoirdupois.

All were smoking. Some were thoroughbred natives, but the stout lady and her immediate neighbors were che-ches, or half-castes.

"Let us get out, Jack," I said, turning abruptly, but we found the door closed and two burly coolies squatted in front of it.